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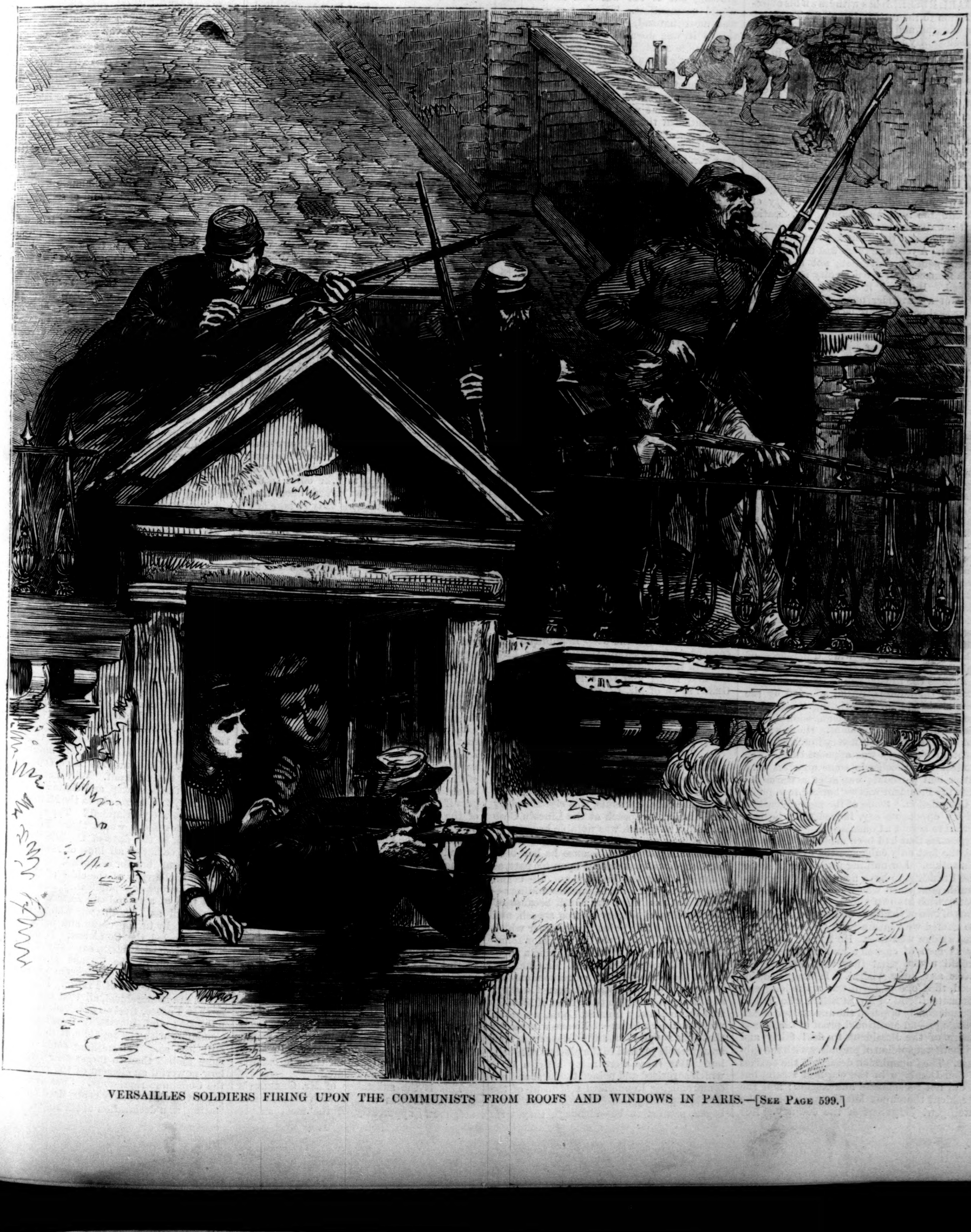


VERSAILLES SOLDIERS FIRING UPON THE COMMUNISTS FROM ROOFS AND WINDOWS IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains one of* NAST'S *admirable political cartoons, entitled*

"Hash—or, a Tale of Two Cities,"

apropos to affairs in New York and Paris; the continuation of "LORD KILGOBBIN," *by* CHARLES LEVER, *with an illustration; a splendid full-page sketch of* ARCTIC LIFE, *engraved from a drawing by* LUDWIG BECKMANN, *and other literary and artistic attractions.*

THE ADMINISTRATION.

EARL RUSSELL has withdrawn his objection to the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, and there will probably be no serious hostility to it any where. Even Newfoundland, which was most interested in the fishery question, does not oppose the settlement. There is, indeed, a certain Canadian sentiment which is not favorable, but it can not defeat the treaty. The Democratic Senators who voted against it in Washington have merely revealed the spirit of a party which would prevent the healing of an international breach even by a treaty which is not only in the highest sense a treaty of peace between the two leaders of constitutional liberty among nations, but is an advantage to the whole world. Indeed, the Treaty of Washington is unique among great treaties for the universal confidence which it inspires that it is not a truce but a satisfactory settlement. A year ago there was undoubtedly a very general conviction, not unmingled with menace, that the difficulty must be arranged. But how it was to be arranged without a surrender upon one side or the other that could hardly be expected was not seen. And we believe that there was never a sincerer or more efficient, as well as satisfactory, adjustment of a grave international difference than this treaty.

The credit of it is justly due to the administration under which it has been effected. Both the suggestion of the negotiation and the appointment of the Commissioners were the work of the administration; and the names of the gentlemen called by the President to so important a duty showed how earnest was his wish that the angry question should be settled with the utmost regard to the just feeling of the United States, and yet in a manner entirely honorable to Great Britain. It is, perhaps, not an unfair rule to judge an administration by what it does rather than by what it fails to do. The omissions of every administration are necessarily so many that, if its character and services be estimated only negatively, a very admirable general conduct of public affairs may seem to be deserving of great blame. For it must not be forgotten, in judging an administration, that it is held responsible for all that the critic thinks ought to have been done—a point upon which there may be wide differences of opinion.

Besides the illustration of the honest purpose of the administration afforded by the Commissioners for negotiating the English treaty, the San Domingo Commission showed the fairness of the President. He was in favor of annexation, but a very influential element in his party was opposed to it. The contest had become in some quarters very bitter and personal; but after a warm debate the President was authorized to appoint a Commission. Some of the more relentless of his opponents say, indeed, that he was forced to accept a Commission because of the exposures that had been made. If that were so, the fact only enhances the excellence of his action. For nothing was easier than for the President to have nominated three honorable gentlemen who were entirely in sympathy with his own views. But of the opinions of two of the three Commissioners whom he named we venture to say that he had no knowledge whatever. He knew them merely as men of capacity and character, who would report what they thought, and not what any body wished. It happened, indeed, that one of them was a life-long and intimate friend of Mr. SUMNER, who had so conspicuously opposed the annexation of San Domingo—an additional proof of the honest desire of the President to deal fairly and without a suspicion of prejudice with the subject. The Commission described the charms of San Domingo in the warmest strain, but it did not recommend annexation; and the President thereupon left the question to the intelligent judgment of the country. Nor do we believe that any one, however he may be opposed to General GRANT, supposes that he is or would be privy to any unfair attempt to affect that judgment.

We mention these two Commissions, appointed by the President upon two of the subjects which have been most prominent during his administration, as illustrations of what seems to us his sincere wish to treat every public question fairly and with deference to the intelligent feeling of the country. We have ourselves sometimes joined in the complaint that he seemed to listen to counselors who do not have the confidence of the better portion of his party. But we must allow that he was certainly not ill-advised in the instances that we have considered; and we have little doubt that a sincere and careful observation of the general character of his administration would show the same candid and earnest spirit.

There were two classes of persons who were sure to be disappointed by General GRANT'S administration—those who expected it to be "splendid," and those who thought it would be an ideal conduct of affairs, in which all the high hopes and aspirations growing out of the war and its triumph would be manifest. This last expectation was most natural, but in the nature of things it was doomed to disappointment. No possible administration could have had the kind of glory which such an expectation demands. We deal with men and with human circumstances. If General GRANT had not been nominated, Judge CHASE would have been. But would his administration have satisfied those who feel that the tone of the present is sordid and low? Do events since the summer of 1867 inspire confidence that Mr. CHASE was the man to have satisfied the high aspirations of many noble hearts in the party?

Those, again, who looked for a "splendid" administration, which the *Tribune* declared at the inauguration to be its expectation, were also sure to be disappointed, because the work of restoring the Union, of diminishing the debt and reducing taxation, of settling old foreign difficulties and avoiding new, could not be in the usual sense a "splendid" work. In the ordinary sense, to have declared war against England, and after a brief and brilliant campaign to have ended it successfully, would have been "splendid." We do not mean to suggest for a moment that the *Tribune* had any such event in mind. We believe that upon every ground it believes the victories of peace to be greater than those of war; and surely in any worthy and humane sense to have settled the English difficulty as it has been settled is a thousandfold more "splendid" than any war-like policy could have been.

The administration of General GRANT has been very severely judged. It has been criticised most sharply and most effectively by Republicans. Yet the general policy with which it is identified is so plainly seen to be the settled purpose of the country that the Northern Democratic leaders are exhorting their party to contest it no longer. It is the policy of the Republican party, indeed, and not especially of the administration; but under this administration it has become so firmly fixed that the enemy despair. If this be true, it certainly shows how thoroughly identified with the principles and purpose of the party the administration has been. We do not forget the deep Republican discontent with the administration of Mr. LINCOLN in the middle and toward the close of his first term; and we believe of General GRANT'S, as of Mr. LINCOLN'S, that it will justify itself more and more to a reasonable investigation.

MR. GREELEY'S SPEECH.

THE return of Mr. GREELEY from his recent trip to Texas, during which he was reported to have made some curious remarks about the rebel generals, was signalized by a meeting and a speech at the Lincoln Club rooms. The speech was notable because of the eminent position of Mr. GREELEY in the Republican party, and because he has been mentioned, without dissent upon his part, as a candidate for the Presidency. He began by speaking of the old misunderstanding between the North and the South because of the hostility of slavery to free speech, and he illustrated this point in a manner which relieves the *Tribune* from the suspicion sometimes foolishly cast upon it of giving a negative assent to secession in 1861. Mr. GREELEY stated that the Southern correspondents of the paper were in personal danger if known; and that he himself, in the winter of 1860–61, was warned away from St. Louis, where he was to deliver a lecture. No one who recalls that time supposes that the *Tribune* was then an agreeable journal to the plotters of rebellion. But there were many articles in it which surprised and pained the loyal and uncompromising Republican sentiment of the North, especially those which, before the war began, seemed to be—although they were not—justifications of secession; and those which, after the war began, sharply criticised the slowness of the Government.

The most startling articles were that of the 26th of November, 1860, which said that if the Cotton States unitedly and earnestly wished to withdraw peacefully from the Union, any attempt to prevent them would be contrary to the Declaration of Independence; that of the 17th of December following, asserting that if the Declaration of Independence justified the secession of three millions of colonists from the British empire in 1776, it would justify that of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861; and that of February 23, 1861, which declared that whenever it became clear that the great body of the Southern people were alienated from the Union, and wished to escape from it, "we will do our best to forward their views." Such expressions, unaccompanied by the explanation, did undoubtedly produce great consternation among Republicans, and Governor PICKENS, of South Carolina, said that it was doctrine which satisfied him. Mr. GREELEY'S explanation of these articles was that he meant not the technical voters, but the mass of the Southern people, black and white, and that he was sure, had the decision been left to them, it would have been favorable to union.

The misfortune was that this was not an obvious interpretation of the words, and that it was not mentioned at the time. If, when the *Tribune* said, "If the Cotton States unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union," they should be allowed to do so, it had been immediately added that by Cotton States was meant, not the political communities generally known by that name, but all the black and white adult male persons in those States, which, as afterward appeared, was Mr. GREELEY'S understanding of the words, there would have been no confusion or consternation, because every body would have known that, as secession was intended to save slavery, the slaves would not be allowed to vote upon the subject. These articles have been very foolishly quoted as showing that the *Tribune* either thought that secession was really justifiable or that it was useless to resist it. But, like Mr. GREELEY'S proposal to President LINCOLN to abolish slavery by buying the slaves at a great price, and his action at the Niagara conference in 1864, by which, as Mr. LINCOLN said in his letter to Mr. RAYMOND, Mr. GREELEY had placed him in a false position before the country, these articles are to be considered merely errors of judgment; for Mr. GREELEY certainly did not mean to justify secession nor to injure Mr. LINCOLN.

Mr. GREELEY, in his speech, then proceeded to speak of his candidacy for office, and said that he had too often reproached better men for unwillingness to take office to decline nominations when urged upon him, and that he felt it to be his duty to take any post of service to which his party friends might assign him. These are his familiar opinions, which he has often and consistently expressed. He ended his remarks upon this subject by saying that he was not at all grateful for the many nominations which he had received; that nobody owed him any thing for being a Republican, for he could not help being one if he tried; that his party accounts were settled; and that he needed and wished no office, but was perfectly willing to bear his share of responsibility.

He then spoke of his recent tour. He thinks that had there been general amnesty there would have been less trouble at the South; that the Ku-Klux is a fact, and that the government is a sham if it does not extirpate "the execrable Ku-Klux conspiracy;" that the carpet-baggers are as bad as the Ku-Klux, and more harmful to the Republican party; and Mr. GREELEY'S denunciation of this class was very effective. He said that he should have no tears for the carpet-baggers if the Ku-Klux rode them peacefully out of the Southern States, instead of secretly harrying the harmless negroes. Mr. GREELEY stated that the telegraph had incorrectly reported what he said about the rebel generals. It was not—as stated—that the Northerners would one day "glory in the glory of LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON," but that "the time would come when Americans North, as well as Americans South, would feel a just pride in the soldierly achievements and military character of LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON, just as I trusted the late Confederates would learn to feel a generous pride in the achievements of GRANT and SHERMAN and THOMAS and SHERIDAN." Perhaps he should be thought too fast in that hope, but he could wait for others. Mr. GREELEY ended his speech by a few remarks upon the new Democratic departure, which ultimately would strengthen the Democratic party. But new issues were at hand, and for those he exhorted his hearers to be prepared.

This is the substance of Mr. GREELEY'S speech. It was a talk with friends and neighbors, apparently of the most simple kind. He had been to a part of the country where he could never have safely gone before, and his friends welcomed him home, and he thanked them. The speech is, however, remarkable for this: that, being the speech of an eminent political leader of the administration party to party friends, known to be opposed to the renomination of the present head of the administration, and being himself a candidate for the succession, it says nothing whatever of the acts of that administration, nothing to encourage the country to maintain the party of that administration in power; but it announces an imminent era in which "our different parties may, through co-operation" or otherwise, promote the common glory of the country. It was for this reason, we suppose, that a Democratic paper the next morning called the speech the funeral oration of the Republican party. Mr. GREELEY, however, may fairly say that it was a meeting of welcome upon his return from the South; that he was not called upon to discuss general politics; and that the very fact of his visit illustrates the character and career of the Republican party, which has abolished slavery, is establishing free speech, securing the safety of every American citizen every where in the country, and which is therefore entitled to the continued confidence of all good citizens.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE COMMUNE.

THE situation in France has occasioned a great deal of debate of the Commune and its character. It has been asserted that the atrocities in Paris have been exaggerated, and that men maddened by rage and battle, and who had been brought to bay, will undoubtedly do what can not be defended, but that the cause of the Commune was really that of municipal rights and of self-government. That there was something of this in the movement is undeniable, but if it were wholly that it would not justify the revolution. It is, however, in essence, very different from that. The Commune of 1871 is the ripened socialism of 1848, and socialism was by no means republicanism. Yet of the ignorance and suffering of multitudes of the Parisian population there is no doubt. Nor is there any doubt that these multitudes are swayed by men whose political and social theories are incompatible with those of our civilization. That men are poor, ignorant, and starving is no evidence of the justice or of the wisdom of their views. Nor does the fact, that a society in which multitudes are degraded and suffering, is a society undermined, and one in which a catastrophe may at any moment be expected, prove that those multitudes are honest or intelligent enough to found a state polity. Discontent and suffering are the best reasons in the world for doing something, but not the least reasons for doing what they demand. Our duty to a starving man is not to feed him, but to feed him wisely.

The real character of the movement called the Commune may be best seen in the view which MAZZINI gives of it. LOUIS BLANC, one of the most intelligent and experienced of European liberals, has already repudiated it; and now MAZZINI, the very high-priest of "MARY ANN," or the church of European republicans, describes it in the plainest terms. And his view has nothing to do with individuals or with their suffering. The Commune is an idea, and it is the idea which he exposes and against which he protests. He says that it is destitute of all conception of God, of a supreme moral law, of progress, and of a common aim of human unity. Politically, he thinks that it leads to the overthrow of all authority, to the negation of the nation, and to the assertion that the Commune, or a small part of the nation, has the secret of national life more completely than the nation itself. Why not push it logically the next step, and claim all this of the family? Why recede to the Middle Ages and not to the patriarchal? The success of such a movement would throw France, he says, back to the days of the Middle Ages, and deprive her of all hope of resurrection, not for years, but for centuries.

This is the view of the chief of the most liberal European republicans; and it confirms that of a republican so moderate and thoughtful as LABOULAYE, who could see only anarchy in the views and purposes of those who led the Commune. It does not justify—indeed, MAZZINI expressly condemns—the action of the THIERS government. But that is the only government which represents the free-will of France. If its tendencies are monarchical, all that can be said is that France, freely consulted, is not republican; and, inevitably associating the Commune with the republic, it will now be still less so. Yet nothing could well be more foolish than to forget how large and how powerful an element of the population the Commune represents. Considered as a protest against utterly centralized administration, as a declaration of the suffering and

ignorance of the laboring class, and as an advertisement of the fact that that class is organized upon certain theories of society and government, the insurrection of the Commune should plainly show any government that may arise what its danger and its duty are.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

OUR readers may remember the case of Mr. JOHN A. COLEMAN, who sued the New York and New Haven Railroad for personal injuries received while being thrust from the train. There have been four trials, the last of which has recently taken place. The first verdict in Mr. COLEMAN'S favor was $3300; the second, $3450; and the last, $3500—the second trial having been set aside by reason of the disagreement of the jury. The suit arose from a coupon ticket, which Mr. COLEMAN contended is a receipt of money from the road for a ride between two specified points, the direction to be determined by the buyer. Thus if a man has paid for a ticket from New York to New Haven, and, reaching New Haven by other means, wishes to return by the railroad, the company, according to Mr. COLEMAN, should transport him. It is a question of construction, upon which Mr. COLEMAN differed with the conductor. The conductor said that he had instructions and no discretion. Mr. COLEMAN, giving his name and appealing to gentlemen present who knew him, offered to screen him from all ill consequences. But the conductor refused, and ordered him out of the car. Mr. COLEMAN declined to be governed by the conductor's interpretation of law, and at Stamford the conductor called in three or four brakemen. A struggle followed, and Mr. COLEMAN was thrown from the train upon the platform, with bodily injuries of a permanent kind.

The verdict, as we understand, in accordance with the views of the Court, represents excessive and unnecessary violence. The Court does not deny that conductors may, at their discretion, forcibly put off from a train a passenger who differs upon such a point as that involved in this case, who proposes to screen the conductor from ill results, and to arrange the matter with the direction of the road. Is it desirable that conductors should be intrusted with discretion to settle such points of difference peremptorily? And might not a Court have wisely instructed the management of the road, since the results were now evident, to restrain the action of their agents under such circumstances? Is it not clearly for the advantage of travelers that if a passenger quietly declines to pay his fare, stating what seem to him sufficient reasons in a gentlemanly manner, the conductor be instructed to telegraph to the next station to have him arrested, and the difference judicially determined, instead of throwing him bodily from the train? Should the law authorize such discretion to be confided to a conductor?

There have been difficulties with conductors upon the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, which became so constant and serious that the Grand Jury in Newark presented the subject to the Court, and asked for some adequate remedy. If commuters along the line of the Morris and Essex road, leased by the management of the former road, wished to stop over from one train to another at a way station—if, for instance, in coming from Bloomfield to New York the commuter wished to remain for an hour at Newark—he was obliged to pay as for a new ticket from Newark to New York by the next train. Many passengers refused, and were thrust from the train at any point. The conductor's plea was that the company had instructed him that a commuting ticket must be used upon a continuous train. Representations were made to the management of the company, but without effect. Some of the passengers still refused to submit to such an absurd inconvenience, and the company thereupon refused to sell commutation tickets to persons whom it placed upon its black list.

The New Jersey Grand Jury declare that a body of persons secretly sitting in New York authorizes brakemen and conductors to interpret rules and regulations, and for offenses unknown to the laws of New Jersey enforces different degrees of punishment. A difference arising upon a contract between individuals is a fair subject for judicial interpretation. Does one between a citizen and a corporation confer any unusual privilege of interpretation upon the corporation? The power of the great railway companies is becoming so immense and overwhelming that travelers like Mr. COLEMAN and Mr. MORAN and Mr. ROWLAND JOHNSON, who have been conspicuous in asserting the fair rights of passengers against the encroachments of the corporations, are really doing a public service which deserves recognition and gratitude. The public must insist that the great railways learn that they exist for the convenience of the public. And such is the grave, and not frivolous or passionate, discontent with the management of the Morris and Essex road in regard to the accommodation of passengers along a certain part of the line, that a line of stage-coaches was successfully established for some time between Orange and Newark, and a new branch railroad to connect with the Midland Road has now been chartered.

NOW AND THEN.

THE Mobile *Register* says, in the most uncourteous manner, of a Democratic co-laborer, that "The *World* finds itself forced to make a quasi-defense of JEFF DAVIS against the calumnies of the *Times* after having itself given importance and emphasis to the misuse the *Times* had made of his speeches. And yet, before it gets through its article, it turns again, like a hyena, upon Mr. DAVIS." The same monitor, in another article, severely reproves what it is pleased to call "the conservative press"—probably because it sympathized with rebellion—for its eagerness to purge itself of all suspicion of sympathy "with the renovated treason of the Confederate chieftain."

But the reason of the eagerness is evident enough. The Democratic leaders of the new departure know very well that the people of the United States intend that the Constitution as amended shall stand; and those leaders are confident that if the people can only be persuaded that nobody means to disturb the settlement the Democratic party has a chance of obtaining power. When JEFFERSON DAVIS, therefore, suddenly uplifts his voice and declares that he accepts nothing, and the Maryland and Kentucky Democracy and a large part of the Southern Democratic press say "amen," the apostles of the new departure feel like hyenas toward the gentleman who, while he *was* the Confederate chieftain, they treated with profound respect, and they therefore fall upon him and rend him.

The reason of their hostility is not that he does not accept the situation, but that he says so. The apostles whom we mentioned perceive that DAVIS'S declaration and its prolonged echo reveal the hollowness of the assertion that the old issues are settled, and that there is no danger in the return of the Democratic party to power. The voice and its echo suggest to every sensible man in the country that, allowing for all the rhetoric and gasconade of Southern eloquence, conceding that DAVIS and TOOMBS and STEPHENS are "played out," that the Kentucky and Maryland Democracy are hopeless, and the Southern press merely silly—all these expressions are the sign of a deep and real feeling, dangerous to the welfare of the country, wholly confined to the Democratic party, and hoping and working for its success. And this, which every sensible man perceives, is a cardinal fact in the political situation. If the Mobile *Register* and DAVIS and TOOMBS and STEPHENS were all enthusiastic for the new departure, it would be a most suspicious enthusiasm, a most suggestive unanimity. But, as they frankly say what they think, every body knows that they speak not for themselves only, but for a very large and most natural sentiment in their section of the country.

If DAVIS were the utterly spent force for mischief which some of the Northern papers of his own party furiously assert, they would hardly attack him with such asperity. In the days when they were sneering at Mr. LINCOLN as a vulgar buffoon the same papers praised the courtly elegance and the gentlemanly tone and culture of Mr. DAVIS, "the Confederate President." Is he less elegant and urbane because he does not abjure the cause which gives him a place in history? Is his tone less gentlemanly when he says, "I don't believe that I did any wrong," and "I accept nothing," than when he declared that Yankees were hyenas—which remark did not in the least disturb the equanimity of the present advocates of the new departure? The Mobile *Register* will see, upon reflection, that those of its Northern Democratic co-laborers who formerly toadied JEFFERSON DAVIS did so because they thought that he could be of use to them, and they revile him now because they think that he can not.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM E. DODGE, of this city, has purchased from Mrs. AUDUBON the plates of her husband's great work on the "Birds of America," for the purpose of holding them, at Mrs. A.'s wish, until some one of the principal literary institutions of the country desires to become the owner. In 1826 AUDUBON visited Europe to procure subscribers, and was warmly received by CUVIER, HERSCHEL, HUMBOLDT, WILSON, JEFFREY, and Sir WALTER SCOTT. His work was completed (in 87 parts) in 1828, and contained 448 plates of birds of the natural size, colored, and was published at $1000 per copy. Professor WILSON pronounced him "the greatest artist in his own walk that ever lived," and CUVIER said that "his works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honor of ornithology."

—The remains of LEONIDAS POLK are to be removed from the church-yard of St. Paul's, in Augusta, Georgia, where they now repose unmarked, to Louisiana, where a monument will be erected over them. His career was somewhat singular. He was a younger brother of President POLK. In 1827 he graduated from the Military Academy at West Point with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery, but remained in the army only three years. He then took orders in the Episcopal Church, and eight years afterward, in 1838, at the age of thirty-two, was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Arkansas. In 1841 he became Bishop of Louisiana, and so continued until 1861, when he doffed the lawn to become a Major-General in the Confederate army, and was killed by a cannon-shot while reconnoitring on Pine Mountain, Georgia, in June, 1864. This little story is told as illustrating his way of putting things: At the battle of Perryville, when General CLEBURNE saw the critical moment to advance arrive, turning his horse's head to the point of attack, he rose in his stirrups, and shaking his clinched hand in the direction of the enemy, exclaimed, "Come on and give them h—l boys! give them h—l." In an instant the whole division was following him at the "double-quick." Just then General-Bishop POLK rode up, and wishing to encourage the men, but not daring to swear, shouted out, "Go on, boys, and give them—*what Pat Cleburne says!*"

—M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, through a friend, has been negotiating for employment on the press of this city, desiring some position suitable to his peculiar talents and proclivities. The only thing that seems at present to stand in the way is the fact that just now he is in the private keeping of the THIERS government, and there is some danger that he may share the fate of the other chief leaders of the late insurrection.

—PETER B. PORTER, Jun., who died at Niagara Falls on the 14th ult., was a gentleman highly respected throughout Western New York. He was well educated, genial, and gentlemanly. In 1838, '39, '40, and '41 he was a member of Assembly from Niagara County, and Speaker of the House during the latter year. There were several able men in the House that year: among them General JOHN A. DIX, MICHAEL HOFFMAN, ARPHAXAD LOOMIS, JOHN A. LOTT, DAVID R. FLOYD JONES, JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN, SANFORD E. CHURCH, GEORGE R. DAVIS, JOHN CRAMER, and HORATIO SEYMOUR. Many years ago, when in England, Mr. PORTER became an object of some little interest by being introduced to people as the owner of Niagara Falls, that property belonging to the two PORTER families. He was a nephew of General PETER B. PORTER, who, in 1808, was elected to Congress from Ontario County, which then comprised most of the territory of Western New York. General P., it will be remembered, was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and prepared and introduced the celebrated report of 1811, declaring war against Great Britain. Immediately after this he resigned, was appointed Major-General in the regular army, and distinguished himself in several actions. In 1828 General PORTER was appointed Secretary of War by President ADAMS.

—A letter appears in the papers addressed to JAY COOKE, Esq., from Prince VON BISMARCK, in which the latter is really unable to say at what time it will be convenient for him to make a little visit to Mr. COOKE at one of his private islands in Lake Erie. The letter is deftly written, and reads as if the writer really had a latent notion of running over here when circumstances should permit. Few men in the country could entertain him on a more princely scale than Mr. COOKE. He keeps open house at his charming island home, "Gibraltar," receiving guests daily up to "5.20," dining them at "7.30," and permitting them to retire at "10.40."

—Ex-Senator ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, is one of the few of the more prominent Southern men who have announced their determination *not* to "accept the situation." He adopts the platform of JEFFERSON DAVIS. He is now sixty-one years old, and has been in the public service, in one way or other, since 1836, when he was a captain of volunteers in the Creek war, under General SCOTT. After eight years' service in the House of Representatives, he entered the Senate during the Thirty-third Congress for six years, and was re-elected for a second term, ending March 4, 1865. On the 14th of March, 1861, he was expelled from the Senate, and became Secretary of State and also a Brigadier-General in the Confederate service. He is a man of striking personal appearance, six feet high, powerful frame, with a head somewhat resembling that of DANIEL WEBSTER in its unusual size, and in the great height and breadth of the forehead. He is a rapid and brilliant talker, and has a memory that seems to lose nothing that he has ever seen, heard, or read. His knowledge of history is especially thorough, particularly of all the efforts and struggles for liberty that the world has ever known—the most glorious of all these struggles being, in his opinion, the Southern rebellion. He is a man that it is easy to see would be a leader wherever he might be placed, and his influence in Georgia is admitted to be great.

—The general notion about General PRIM was that he was merely a military man and military adventurer of the higher class; yet he left to his family a library of 30,000 volumes of such historic and documentary interest that the Cortes propose to buy it for the Spanish government.

—Colonel FORNEY, in his "Anecdotes of Public Men," gives us a glimpse of the manner in which grave Senators of the United States disport themselves when secluded from the outside world in executive session. "The first thing is the utter *abandon* of the Senators. They have no audiences to look down upon and listen to them. They have no gentlemen with the lightning pen to telegraph them to distant points. They are not called upon to face and to fear their constituency. Bound together by a solemn covenant not to reveal what transpires, they do exactly what pleases them most. I must say, with my frequent opportunities of observation [Colonel F. was for many years secretary of the Senate], I have seen few who ever overpassed the courtesies and proprieties of the place. All are easier and more familiar than when under the universal eye of a suspicious people. Those who smoke, smoke; those who like to be comfortable, take off their coats; but there is no such thing as dissipation, at least inside the chamber. Debate is made free, because there is nobody to take it down, and the altercations common in the open Senate are not uncommon between those walls; and yet the perfect familiarity of the Senators and the absence of all restraint contribute to the adjustment of every dispute, however violent."

—BEN WADE, as he is familiarly called in Ohio, will probably yield his personal wishes, and become the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, if the Convention wishes it. He is a vigorous campaigner, and comes of fighting stock, his father having been a Revolutionary soldier, and one of the very few who fought in every battle from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. In all his contests thus far the old Senator has Ben Wade and not found wanting. He is now seventy-one, and has been in public life since 1828, having filled the offices of Justice of the Peace, Prosecuting Attorney, State Senator, Judge, and United States Senator. To the latter office he was first elected in 1851, re-elected in 1857, and again re-elected in 1863. During President JOHNSON'S incumbency he was acting Vice-President. His last, and as he supposed final, public employment was as one of the Commissioners to San Domingo. He is a fine, bold specimen of the Ohio politician.

—No representative of the United States at a foreign court has ever deported himself with greater courage, patience, and patriotism than Mr. WASHBURNE during the Franco-German war. In his recent letters the stirring events in Paris, the entrance of the Versaillese, the bombardment from Valérien and Montretout, the burning of the public buildings, the fights over the barricades, etc., etc., are described with great picturesqueness and power. As the only first-class diplomatic representative who remained in Paris from the beginning to the end of the war, and whose time was given up to deeds of humanity, his praises are sounded by the nations of Europe; while in his own country there is but one opinion of his steadfast and patriotic devotion to duty. Mr. WASHBURNE is still in the prime of manhood, being only fifty-five. He served sixteen years continuously in Congress, and finally became "father of the House."

—"George Sand" (Madame DUDEVANT) has recently made a contract with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to write for that publication at the rate of $40 per column, the column not to exceed five hundred words, with the privilege to retain the right to publish in book form if she should desire it. This is a little better pay than she received for her first novel, "Rose and Blanche," published forty years ago, viz., $80. For "Indiana," published in 1832, which may be said to have laid the foundation for her fame, and which had a great sale, she received only $120. For the last twenty years she has devoted herself mainly to dramatic literature, and her plays, before they are represented in Paris, are usually acted and criticised in a little theatre attached to the Château de Nohant, which is Madame DUDEVANT'S ordinary abode.

—Parson BROWNLOW has been interviewed by a newspaper man—a polite one from Cincinnati—who found the old gentleman in the large white house where he has lived for thirty years. He was lying on a large sofa near the window, where he spends most of his time. It is with great difficulty that he gets about, his disease being paralysis and rheumatism. His hands shake incessantly, so that he can not hold a book or paper to read. When he reads the paper has to be secured to a frame-work at the right distance from his eyes. He has no notion of dying and leaving his seat in the Senate to be filled by a Democrat. The greatest terror the King of Terrors has for him is the fact that ANDREW JOHNSON stands ready to receive the Senatorial robe.

—Certain military folk of New England are agitating the subject of erecting a monument at Duxbury to MILES STANDISH, on the large hill on the STANDISH farm, called "Captain's Hill." There is some propriety in this, as MILES STANDISH was the first commissioned military officer in the United States—the military leader of the Plymouth settlers. He came to Plymouth with the first company, in 1620, previous to which he had served in the army in the Netherlands. He it was who commanded those old, original Yankees in their expeditions against the savages, and by the boldness and skill of his attacks inspired them with awe of his prowess.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is now officially announced that the Russian Prince Alexis will visit this country in October.

The second annual council of the Indian tribes of the Indian Territory is in session at Ocmulgee, for the purpose of forming a constitution for a permanent government. The delegates are mostly educated men, and are exceedingly anxious to bring the tribes together under a civilized form of government.

Admiral Rodgers, commanding the United States fleet in Chinese waters, communicates an account of a recent fight on the Corean peninsula between the Chinese and the combined European and American forces. The Admiral was conveying to Corea a number of the inhabitants whom he had rescued from shipwreck; and the boats' crews from the American, English, French, and Prussian ships engaged in this mission were fired upon by the Chinese, who were thereupon attacked and severely punished.

The beneficiaries under the act of the last session of Congress, giving pensions to the surviving soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, whose claims have already been admitted, number about 26,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE situation in France presents no new features of interest. Paris begins to assume something of its former appearance of gayety and business. The inhabitants are returning at the rate of 25,000 a day. The work of repairing the ravages of war has already begun, and bands of workmen are planting trees and shrubbery in the Bois de Boulogne.

A great number of the working-men of Paris, of Communist principles, contemplate emigration to America.

It is reported that General Cluseret is still alive, but under arrest.

The triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin took place on the 17th of June. It was a brilliant and imposing demonstration.

On June 15th the Emperor closed the German Parliament with a speech, in which, after thanking them for the aid for the victims of the war, and an allusion to Alsace and Lorraine, he prayed that God might grant peace to the new empire.

The jubilee of Pius IX. was celebrated with great pomp on the 17th of June at Rome. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world were present.

THE BURNING OF PARIS—FALL OF HOUSES IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI.—[See Page 599.]

THE BURNING OF PARIS—FIRE IN THE RUE ROYALE, LOOKING TOWARD THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—[See Page 599.]

WHITELAW REID.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Managing Editor of the New York *Tribune*, is the youngest of the leading journalists of New York, being now in his thirty-third year. He comes of a stock noted for intellectual vigor and sturdy devotion to principle. His father, Robert Charlton Reid, was the son of Cameronian Covenanters, and was himself an elder of that sterling communion. His mother was also of Scotch parentage, from the Caledonian colony of Vermont. The elder Reid was one of that race of workers whose energies never seemed to find sufficient exercise except in the severe struggle with the wilderness. He was born in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, but left that comparatively settled country at the beginning of this century, and pushed on into the almost unbroken forests of Ohio. He was one of the founders of the town which bears the hospitable name of Xenía, and here Whitelaw Reid was born, the child of his old age.

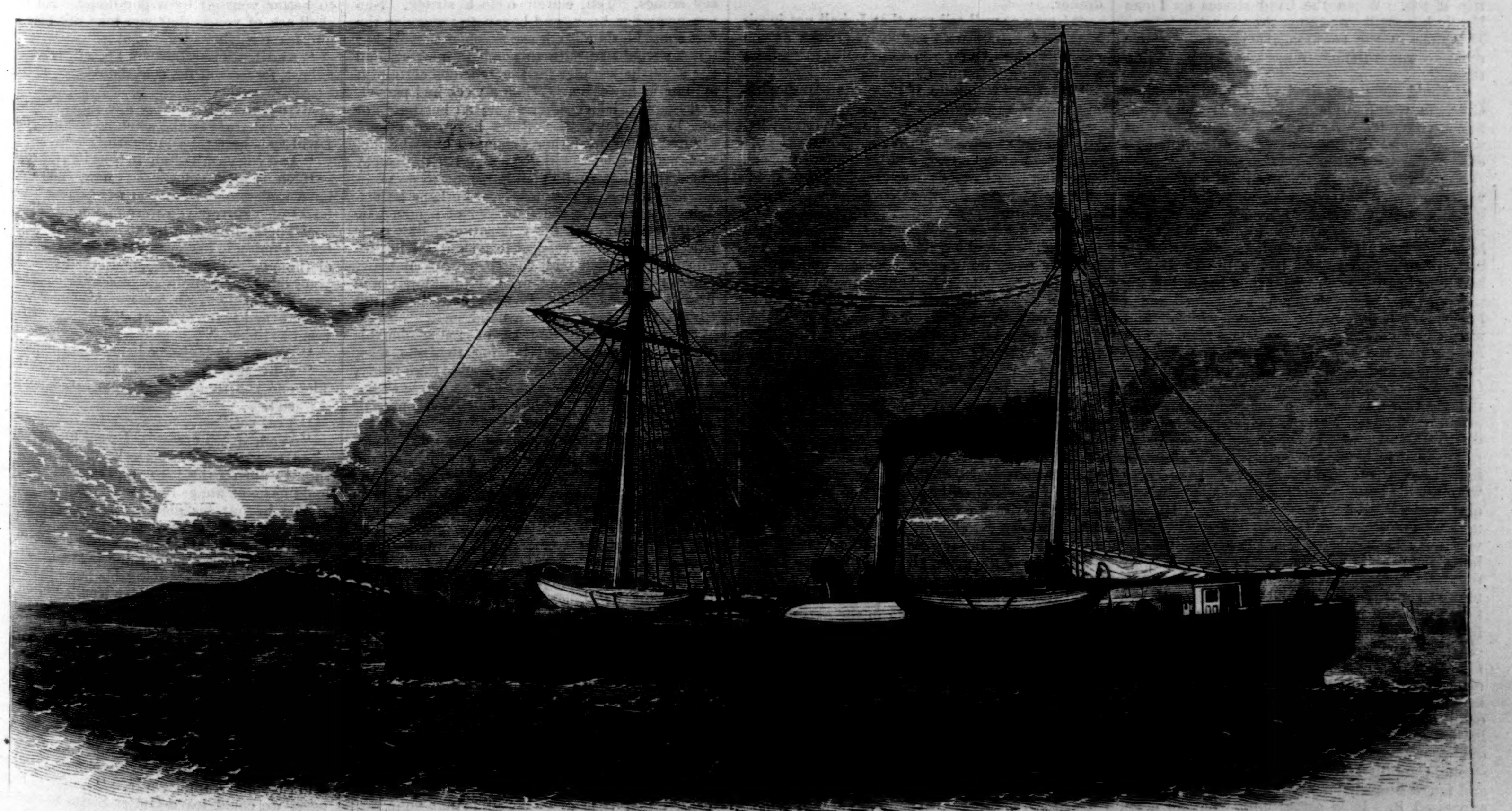
He received the elements of his humanities at the hands of his uncle, a sour, Covenanting parson, and, after passing through the Xenia Academy, was matriculated at the Miami University, and graduated in 1856 with high class honors. The subject of his speech at Commencement was characteristic of that generous radicalism which has since distinguished him. It was devoted to a eulogy of the "Noble Traitors" of the past, with especial reference to the threatening aspects of the Kansas question. Had it been delivered a year or two later, we may be sure that the martyr-convict of Harper's Ferry would not have lacked his garland. Mr. Reid's popularity in college may be inferred from the fact that only two years after his graduation he was elected to deliver the society diplomas to the largest class which ever issued from Miami University.

Immediately after finishing his collegiate studies he became the editor and proprietor of the Xenia *News*, the leading paper of his county, which he managed with a vigor and ability which soon attracted general attention in the State, and led to his removal to Cincinnati, where he became attached to the staff of the *Gazette* newspaper. He represented this journal in Columbus during a session of the Legislature, and his letters from that city made his signature, "Agate," well known throughout the Northwest. His strong, racy English, his courage and energy, his fine faculties of observation, marked him as a model correspondent, and at the first outbreak of the war he was designated to accompany the Ohio troops in their march upon Western Virginia. He served as a volunteer aid upon the staff of General Morris at Carrick's Ford, when the rebel General Garnett was killed, and later in the campaign he was with Rosecrans in the same capacity at the affair of Carnifex Ferry. Returning to Cincinnati, he began to write editorials for the *Gazette*, and continued for some time in that employment, with occasional interruptions of field work when there was any thing especially worth reporting. He was present at Fort Donelson, and went up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing with our advance. He was the only correspondent on the field in that terrible scene of slaughter, to report which he rose from a sick-bed. He passed the fearful night between the two days of battle among the private soldiers on the bluff, and slept the next night on the victorious field in the tent of General Lew Wallace.

With the prestige of his Western achievements in journalism, Mr. Reid came to Washington, and took charge of the *Gazette* bureau in that city. He distinguished himself at once by his bold, incisive, and energetic correspondence. Among all the pens that made and unmade reputations in Newspaper Row in those stirring days there was none more dreaded and more courted than his. From a certain ascetic habit of thought, which may, perhaps, be derived from his severe and conscientious ancestry, he was always more ready to criticise than to praise, always more eager in attack than in defense. Yet his attachments, if few, were very powerful, and there are not many finer passages of eulogy in our periodical literature than those in which he has expressed his admiration of his friends, such as Henry Winter Davis, and those eminent citizens of his own State, Chase and Wade and Schenck. The routine work of his Washington life was varied by occasional resumptions of the note-book and saddle. He saw and vividly reported the battle of Fredericksburg, the second Bull Run, and Gettysburg. His political services and his scholarly tastes were at once recognized by an appointment as librarian of the House of Representatives.

When the war ended Mr. Reid, whose health had become somewhat impaired by unremitting labor, and who was one of those who believed in the possibility of a genuine peace, and in the complete restoration of the South, gave evidence of his faith by removing to Louisiana, and engaging, in company with General Herron, of Iowa, in the culture of cotton. They planted 2500 acres of land, embracing three farms, and employing 300 hands. The year of 1865 was a disastrous one for planters, but in spite of this the two young Northerners managed their affairs with such skill and prudence that they closed their operations without loss. Mr. Reid employed the next year in writing two books: the one, "After the War," gave a most complete and graphic account of the condition of the South in the years 1865-6; and the other, "Ohio in the War" (2 vols., 8vo, 1000 pages each), besides being an eloquent tribute to his native State, was prepared with such painstaking and elaborate research as to form a valuable addition to the history of our greatest epoch. Mr. Reid, who had by this time become a co-proprietor of the *Gazette*, passed the greater part of two years on his old homestead near Xenia, engaged in literary pursuits; and in the summer of 1868, his health being entirely re-established, he came to New York, at the personal invitation

WHITELAW REID.—[Photographed by Sarony.]



CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—THE "POLARIS."—Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington.—[See Page 602.]

of Mr. GREELEY, and assumed an editorial position on the *Tribune*. His promotion the following year to the chair of managing editor was taken as a matter of course by all who were acquainted with the relations existing between him and the editor in chief. Perhaps no one has ever possessed more fully the confidence of Mr. GREELEY, and certainly no one has ever repaid it with a more sincere and loyal devotion. The rule of Mr. GREELEY in the *Tribune* office is an ideal despotism, where all the subordinates, with REID at their head, regard him as their model and exemplar in journalism—the first political controversialist of the age.

It was only when charged with the administration of a great journal that the highest qualities of Mr. REID's talents were developed. He had achieved gratifying successes in all his preliminary pursuits, but evidently attained his true field as manager of the *Tribune*. His knowledge of human nature, his capacity to see at a glance what a man is good for, and to put the round pegs with unerring accuracy in the round holes; his impatient rapidity of decision; his instinct for news, which is like the nose of a bloodhound, and his capacity for compelling the respect and esteem of those with whom he is brought into relation—all mark him out as the predestined administrator of a great daily newspaper. If he were not so valuable where he is, one might sometimes regret that his absorbing office duties leave him comparatively so little leisure for editorial writing. But he is a facile and singularly rapid worker, so that often, after a day of routine toil, he shuts his sanctum for an hour, and the result is one of those timely and nervous articles which the next day is the talk of the clubs.

Our engraving will enable the reader to dispense with any pen portrait of WHITELAW REID. He is a stalwart, muscular young bachelor, six feet high, with the shoulders of a Kentucky Atlas; so scrupulously neat in his dress that slovenly people make it a reproach to him; fond of society, as is natural in one who is popular in all circles: a man in whose past there is nothing to conceal, and in whose future there is every thing to hope.

CAPTAIN DEVENANT'S SON-IN-LAW.

By MARY N. PRESCOTT.

CAPTAIN DEVENANT had come up, or rather out, from the people, but he entertained a great contempt for them.

"Give *me* the aristocracy," he used to say to his private friends. "Now there's Julie; isn't she a match for them? I've given her the best education the country affords; what's to prevent her making a connection with the *bon ton?* She can play the pianny; she can sing like a house a-fire; she can *parlez-vous Français*, and all the rest of it; she can crochet and embroider; in fact, tell me if there's any thing she *can't* do, and I'll tell you that such accomplishments belong to the upper ten, and ain't to be throwed away on the commonality!"

"I can't dance, papa," said Julie, laughing.

"Ahem! no, you can't, and I glory in it. I don't half approve of this promiscuous hugging of young folks before every body's face and eyes."

"Didn't *you* dance, papa, when you were a young man?" persisted the saucy Julie.

"Ahem! yes; but it's different with a man."

"But you danced with a young lady, I suppose?"

"Ahem! well—yes, I s'pose I did; but that's neither here nor there."

"Oh, isn't it? Well, I never see people tripping on the 'light fantastic toe' but I'm wild to trip it too. When the band strikes up I can hardly keep still; and then they have such lovely figures in the German, it's just like a fairy scene to watch them. What *would* it be to join them?"

"You'd soon get tired of it," said Stephen Gresham, who had just come in; "it's not what fancy paints it." And then Captain Devenant went out, and slammed the door after him; he did not relish an ally like Gresham.

Stephen Gresham had known Julie since she was six weeks old, when he had first been allowed to see the little bald-headed creature and to put his six-year-old finger in the dimples on her cheeks, as a sort of plummet. Since then he had drawn her to school, before the Devenants had left Gutter Street, where they began life, for the court end of the town; he had helped her in her lessons; had shared his luncheon with her, and warmed her hands in his on cold days; had picked her out of a brook at his own risk; had sent her valentines, and saved his pennies to buy her Christmas presents. Almost any one would have thought that Captain Devenant had reason to be proud when one of Nature's noblemen sought his daughter, and drank in her words like an inspiration—such a handsome, manly, straightforward fellow, too, as Stephen Gresham, whose ancestry were a trifle better than his own. But Stephen, alas! did not belong to the aristocracy. He was nothing more nor less than an ambitious, hard-working master-mechanic—"Too ambitious by half," the captain would say, "to be thinking of my Julie." Though time had been when Captain Devenant, only second mate himself, had found pleasure in an evening spent with his old friend Tom Gresham, while the boy sat in the chimney corner whittling ingenious playthings for the little Julie, when he had hinted jocosely of the future, when the "great fortunes," yet to be made, of the two houses of Gresham and Devenant should join issue. But that was long ago; he had grander views now. Tom Gresham had died penniless, while in the same year, by a lucky stroke, Captain Devenant woke up one morning and found himself "as rich as any body," as he expressed it. It is astonishing what an effect this sudden acquisition had upon his mental vision. Of course, when he moved up town, and had servants who dressed better than Stephen, and rode in his carriage, and began to pay his respects to Mrs. Grundy—of course such people as the Greshams were not the sort to stand on their visiting-list, much less to aspire to a connection with a family so high and mighty.

But Stephen, poor fool, didn't understand the case for some time; so long as Julie made him welcome, why should he stand upon ceremony? And then Captain Devenant, not being much at home about this time—though he had forsworn the sea, and had gone into stocks, of which he understood about as much as a landsman does of the ropes—failed to perceive the continuance and growth of this intimacy, which had been too long and too close to be broken in a day, till on the occasion of Julie's first party, at which Stephen was present, and where he made himself as much at home as he had been used to do at their less pretentious and less ceremonious entertainments in Gutter Street. But after the guests had all departed the captain could contain his wrath no longer.

"How came that greasy mechanic here, I should like to ask?" he exploded.

"Mercy, papa! who do you mean? I didn't see any body that looked greasy but Mr. Smirk, and *his* face shone like a glass bottle," said Julie, taking a locket from her white neck to examine the picture it contained. Now Mr. Smirk was a banker, and it was quite out of the question that *he* should look greasy; besides, it enraged the captain to find that Julie had no more respect for aristocracy than if she had never stepped out of Gutter Street.

"Mr. Smirk, let me tell you," said he, "is a man of the highest respectability—"

"Figuratively speaking," suggested his daughter.

"He is connected with the great house of 'Pickens & Steelens,' at Berlin; his father—Ahem! Whose picture have you got there?"

"Stephen's," said Julie, coloring just an atom with pleasure or fear. "He brought it to me this evening. Isn't it splendid?"

"The devil!" roared the captain; "the picture of a greasy mechanic round the neck of my daughter!" and he threw the locket upon the floor, and crushed it beneath his angry heel.

"Oh, papa, papa, what have you done? Why do you treat Stephen so?" for she felt, gathering up the shattered bauble, and dropping tears upon the defaced image, as if he had trodden upon Stephen himself.

"Because he deserves it, miss. I'll teach you. Don't let me see him in my house again. I hoped I'd done with that sort of trash. I hoped you had some ambition of your own—enough to keep your head above water, when I'd done my best to give you a lift."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Julie, white with wonder; "I don't understand."

"Don't ye? Well, *this* is just what I mean: I mean for you to drop all acquaintance with Stephen Gresham and the commonality. I mean for you to forbid him the house, now and forever; not to speak to him when you see him. In short, I mean for you to give him the cold shoulder, every where and at all times; and when I speak, I'm used to be obeyed; and if you mutiny, I'll put you in irons, so to speak. When you marry, you shall marry up, and not down. I've worked hard to give you a rise in the world; see that you don't lose ground in your folly. Them's my orders. Go to bed!"

Julie understood the situation long before this harangue was ended; her countenance changed color; her eye shot lightnings of suppressed wrath; but her voice was as even, her words as temperate, as if they were discussing to-morrow's dinner.

"I may as well tell you that I shall not insult Stephen Gresham with any such behavior as you recommend. And if you do not wish to see him here, you must tell him so yourself."

"And so I will, miss, if I see the scamp within a mile of my premises."

The following day, when Julie went out for her promenade, she saw Stephen Gresham on the opposite side of the street, and bowed and paused, expecting him to cross over and join her, as his habit was; but instead of that he merely returned her salutation and passed on. What could it mean? She stood spell-bound there in the busy thoroughfare, and let the crowd hustle her, forgetful of every thing else. Perhaps he had been in a hurry? Yet she had never known him to be in such haste before but he was glad to stay for a word from her lips, a smile from her eyes. She went home in tears and reflected upon it, without finding any solution. Her father could not have met and repulsed him, as the reports of battles have it, because he had left town that morning on business. She sat down and wrote, in desperation, "Dear Stephen, are you offended with me?" and then she tore it in pieces. What if he had simply wearied of her! The next day she went out again, hoping to meet, or at least to catch a glimpse of him, and was rewarded by seeing him stop on a street corner and have a long and earnest chat with Kitty Kew, a neighbor of his in Gutter Street, and as pretty as a rose-bud. Julie made an errand into the nearest drug store, and watched them jealously. Still the two faces told her nothing but that the question in hand was interesting in the extreme, being nothing more nor less than Kitty's unfortunate love affair, which she had chosen to confide to Stephen. But Julie, not guessing any thing of this, looked hard at the rows of bottles on the druggist's shelf, with their gilt labels, and wondered where he kept his poisons; and then she laughed at herself for her foolishness, and had half a mind to run out and jog Stephen's elbow, and have it all explained. But while she was paying for the ounce of heliotrope powder, which she didn't want, the two had disappeared. Then followed another sleepless night, curtained with dismal forebodings; and when she came down to breakfast the chamber-maid handed her Stephen's seal-ring, which she had given him on his last birthday.

"Where did you get it, Maggie?" she asked, in consternation.

"In the gentlemen's dressing-room, miss, the day after the party; and I forgot to speak of it afore. You see, miss, after all the folks had gone off, while I was a-picking up of the things and getting trigged up like—for, miss, the men folks does make a dreadful heap of topsy-turvy—Mr. Gresham he comes running back again, and says he, 'Maggie, hev you seed any thing of a seal-ring marked G?' and says I, 'No, Sir; but if I does I'll just hand it over to Miss Julie.' 'That's right,' says he; 'and I'll make it good to you.' And so here it be."

The clouded expression of Julie's face broke up into smiles. Stephen, then, had not slighted her of his own will. He had made no advances—he had merely returned her civility—because he had heard something of her father's stormy charge to her when he returned for his ring. He had, doubtless, heard himself forbidden the house. Her mood changed utterly from that moment, and, in high spirits, she straightway wrote him a message to this effect:

"DEAR STEPHEN,—If you heard what papa said, I hope you do not think that I mean to obey him."—Then she bethought herself of Kitty Kew, and dropped a blot.—"There! that's Kitty Kew's fault; but I will say it in spite of her—that I want to see you *just a little*, if you want to see me a great deal. JULIE.

"P.S.—I have your ring; and papa has gone to Meridan for a week."

When Stephen came home at noon his mother said,

"There was a boy here with a note for you, Steve, after you'd gone."

"From Knox, I guess, about the machinery."

"I don't know who it was from. I put it on the mantel-piece."

"I don't see any thing of it, mother."

"Maybe it's dropped on the floor."

"No. Perhaps it fell into the grate. Did it look important?"

"How could I tell? The boy said he was to wait for an answer."

"Ah! Knox wouldn't need an answer. I guess I'll call round there and see." So he called round, and found that Knox had been laid up with rheumatism for a week, and hadn't been able to hold a pen.

"Never mind," said Stephen, at home. "If it's important I shall hear from the writer again, or it 'll turn up by-and-by. At any rate, you know that it is said one's correspondence will have answered itself in a certain time. So there's no great loss."

If he had guessed who the writer was, he would have known that she was not likely to repeat the effort, that Time would hardly answer her as satisfactorily as he could wish, and that the loss was greater than he could afford. The fact was, Jane Amory, living opposite the Gresham lodgings, and whose young affections were vainly set upon poor Stephen, had happened in during the morning, and, while Mrs. Gresham excused herself for an instant, to look after her baking, Jane had discovered the note on the mantel, directed to Stephen, had read and slipped it into her pocket. But no one had a suspicion of Jane.

As for Julie, she sat at home and waited for Stephen or his reply; wild horses could not have dragged her out, fearing she might miss one or the other. Every time the door-bell rang she was in a flutter of certainty and pleasure. Then she subsided, and tried to interest herself in her novel; but the romance of her own life was far too intense to allow her to lose herself in imaginary scenes. Ten, eleven o'clock struck. She put away her book, and began to recognize the fact that she should not see Stephen that night; but he would be sure to come to-morrow, and she slept the sounder for the delicious certainty, smiling in her sleep. When a week had passed, and Stephen had neither answered her note nor put in an appearance, Julie began to droop. He had heard her father denounce him and his, and, perhaps, he would not oblige her to disobey in spirit or letter; he plainly meant to do without her, to forget her utterly. Perhaps he disdained to care for the daughter of a man who contemned him and his occupation. She grew pale and mopish; refused to go out on her invitations, to drive with the span; saw nobody, cared for nothing—not even the fashions; and heartily wished that they were back in Gutter Street, no better than their neighbors.

So passed three months of unquestionable trouble and unsatisfied longing to Julie, who, having had less experience in trouble than many, knew not what to make of this new phase of existence, in which happiness had been omitted. At first she sustained herself with the daily hope, on leaving her pillow, that perhaps to-day would be the fortunate atom of time which should bring them together again, and straighten the entangled web of life; but the earth rolled on in supreme indifference to her petty hopes and fears, and night found her where morning had left her, only more cast down, more disheartened, looking with less faith toward to-morrow and its treacherous promises. But now she had done with the hope that things would right themselves, and in its place came an irresistible hungering to see Stephen—only to see him. At this time it occurred to her that in Gutter Street, directly opposite to Stephen's dwelling, lived one Jane Amory, who took in sewing for a livelihood, and embroidered on silk ferns and vines, bouquets of corn flowers and blush roses, that looked as if they grew there. The only place in all the wide world that attracted her was Gutter Street; so she betook herself, with an apology of needle-work, to Jane Amory. Now the event proved that it is always well to put your own shoulder to the wheel before giving up in despair and tears. At sight of her guilty Jane blushed to the roots of her auburn hair, and involuntarily nipped in the bud the tea-rose which she was causing to bloom upon a lady's sash, pricking her finger at the same time.

"Can you do a little work for me, Jane?" asked Julie, blushing back again, fearful lest the sharp eyes of Jane, or her sharper wits, should detect the innocent fraud.

"I dunno," answered Jane. "What is it?"

"Only plain sewing."

"I guess I'll try, though I'm pretty full now. Seems to me you're a stranger down these parts, eh? We don't see much of you nowadays. Quarreled with your old friends, eh? I used for to see something of you a-moving in and out of Miss Gresham's."

"Yes," returned Julie, coloring again at the name; "I have hardly been out any where for this great while."

"Been sick, eh?" regarding her askance.

"Not exactly. I've been in trouble, that's all."

"Dear sakes! do tell! Does trouble call up at Gentry Street?" And then she laughed, as if the idea was too droll for any thing, pulling the handkerchief out of her pocket, and with it a folded paper that fluttered along the floor, like a bird on a broken wing, and rested at last at Julie's feet.

Julie picked it up, and recognized her own handwriting. "Mr. Stephen Gresham," she read, and looked up into Jane's face with the perplexed air of one waiting for an explanation. Jane's laugh died a violent death, strangled on the spot, while she started forward and put out her hand.

"Oh, that's my—my—bill for work done on Miss Furbelow's *trousseau*," her voice all a-quiver.

"Indeed! But why is it directed to Mr. Gresham? Excuse me, Jane, but I think there is some mistake here. This," opening it, "is a note which I wrote to Mr. Gresham three months ago. Will you tell me how it came in your pocket?"

"Well, there, I s'pose I may as well own up," said Jane; "though I *do* think it's mighty uncivil of you to come into a body's house a-prying round. The moment I saw you in the door-way I felt in my bones that there'd be a muss. How did it come in my pocket? Why, I put it there, of course. I meant to hev burned it up—thought I had—and then there'd 'a been an end of it. It must hev been my receipt for my quarter's groceries I burned instead. Jist my luck. I wonder if Small would make me pay over agin if he knew it? It would be jist like him."

"Jane," pursued Julie, not caring to inquire into Mr. Small's characteristics, "do you know that you have done both Mr. Gresham and myself a great wrong? I don't know how you came by this note, but I think that you would be liable to an action, if I were to give it into the hands of a lawyer, for detaining it."

"Dear me! Liable to an action! What sort of an action? Now I'll jist tell you the truth. I only took it off Miss Gresham's mantel-shelf because—because I was sort of jealous of Stephen's never taking a grain of notice on me, and I a near neighbor. Perhaps you dunno what it is to hanker after a little notice and never git it? But if I'd 'a knowed the letter was yours, now—but how could *I* tell? There's forty thousand Julies, more or less, in the world, for all I know. Now you won't be hard on me, miss, will you?" fairly frightened, her deed beginning to assume importance the more she thought of it. "It's hard lines, any way, for a girl to stitch, stitch all day, and nothing better ahead."

"No, I won't be hard on you, Jane; only I fear you will have harder lines yet if you think to better yourself by wrong-doing. All that I shall ask of you is that you take this note back and leave it where you found it."

"And let Miss Gresham know?" cried Jane, aghast, foreseeing the cold shoulder of all Gutter Street.

"No; you needn't say any thing about it to Mrs. Gresham. Make some errand over there; I will wait here till you return."

"And you aren't afraid to trust it to me again?"

"No. I think you are sorry now. You couldn't have understood what you were doing before—how much sorrow you were making me."

"There, I used to hate you," cried Jane, the tears coming in her eyes, "because you had nice clothes and nothing to do, and because—he liked you; but I guess you're as good as he is. There!"

"I do declare, Steve," said his mother, when he returned home at night, "I believe that note was bewitched."

"What note? Not a bank-note I hope?"

"Why, that one you had and didn't have. The one you thought was from Mr. Knox, and it wasn't."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, if you credit it, I went to the mantel-piece to glance at the clock, and see if it was time to put on the tea-kettle, and there it was, looking up at me as innocent as you please."

The instant his glance met the handwriting Stephen's keen eyes flashed angrily, and his smooth brow wrinkled itself with perplexity.

"I hope it wasn't any thing important?" ventured his mother, studying his face, as mothers have a trick of doing with reticent children.

"Yes, it was something *very* important to me."

"Oh dear! shall you lose any thing by not getting it before, Steve?"

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid I may lose a great deal."

"Dear sakes! I feel as if it was *my* fault; and money comes so hard to a working-man; and the nights you've sat up a-pottering over your tools and things!"

"It's nothing to do with money, mother," said Stephen, smiling sadly. "As far as money goes, we could leave Gutter Street to-morrow; but you think you should feel homesick any-

where else, and I doubt if either of us would be a bit the happier. No; it is nothing about money. I have not *worked* in vain, let what will come."

"Yes; I was married here. I should feel like a cat in a strange garret any where else. Well, I'm glad it's not about money. I was afraid it might be from the man to whom you sold your patent, and he was going to back out, or do something rascally. Your poor father never had any luck, though he was always inventing of something or other, and always going to make his fortune; but, somehow, somebody got ahead of him, do what he would; and I can't realize that you've been too smart for them this time."

"I didn't sell my patent, mother, only an interest in it; for I knew too well that in most cases the fortune is made not by the inventor, but by the fellow who has means to apply it, to put it into use, and introduce it to the public notice. No, mother, we have not lived on coarse fare, worn homespun, and denied ourselves for nothing. When my invention was patented the game was in my own hands; and I think even Captain Devenant will acknowledge that it is worth the candle."

"The neighbors say as how the captain's speculating like fury, making money hand over fist. I should think he was rich enough already. How much do you suppose he's worth now, Steve?"

Steve smiled again, and stroked his fine beard meditatively.

"How much? How can *I* tell? I wish *one* of his possessions was mine, that's all."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

"But there's no command against coveting his daughter," said Steve, taking up his candle to go to bed.

"What isn't worth asking for isn't worth having," thinking that Steve might marry the daughter of the Great Mogul, if he had one, and Steve wanted her.

"But he has forbidden me the house;" and Steve laughed as if the joke was not to be equaled by any thing in Joe Miller.

"Captain Devenant forbidden *my* son his house!" cried the astonished dame, with tears of anger in her eyes, "when many's the time he's been glad of a bite at my father's table, when he hadn't a roof over his head! He may see the day again—mind, I don't wish it—but he may see the day again."

Before he slept that night Stephen wrote:

"Dear Julie,—I have only to-day received your note, dated three months ago. I will explain when I see you. What a dolt you must have thought me all this time! Where can I see you, whom I love better than life, now that your father forbids me to enter his house? Let us hope that he will come to think better of it. Your true-lover, Stephen Gresham."

What a weight off Julie's heart were these few lines of tender assurance!

"Papa," said she, as she poured out his coffee at breakfast next morning, "I am engaged."

"The deuce you are! Who's the happy man?"

"I am engaged to—Stephen Gresham, papa."

"Are you? We'll see about that, miss. *I've* a lover for you worth two of him. I shall bring him home to dine. Mind you make yourself agreeable to him, for it's in his power to make you a beggar or a millionaire. Why, the very house over our heads is already mortgaged to him. So don't let me hear another word of that humbug Gresham!"

"Oh, papa! I thought we were rich."

"*Did* you? So did I the other day; so does Gresham," with a sneer. "Let us keep up the deceit. It rests with you, my dear, whether we shall be rich or no; whether we shall maintain our credit in Gentry Street, or sink into the slough of Gutter Street."

"I should like nothing better than to return to Gutter Street," sighed Julie, "we were so happy there. And all day long it is so pleasant to watch the river creeping down to the sea, the tide setting in, and the white sails, like phantoms, outside the bar. I like it. The sky and sea make pictures there all the year round."

"There it is again! Bred in the bone, I'll wager. The deuce take it! I believe you don't deserve any thing better. But mind, if I see or hear any thing of Steve Gresham skulking about here, or of your speaking to him, I'll—I'll give him his never-get-over!"

Captain Devenant was in a white fury when he went down to the office of Grist & Grind. Mr. Grist was his last hope and coveted son-in-law; he had seen Julie, had praised her style, and had hinted that any man might be proud of such a wife. The logical conclusion in the captain's somewhat illogical mind was that Grist would be an easy victim, that he only needed opportunity to declare himself, and that thereby *he* should be enabled to remain in Gentry Street, and no one be the wiser concerning his most unfortunate speculations, wherein he had swamped his hoard and reduced himself to beggary; and instead of meeting with resistance against his scheme in the shape of that low fellow Gresham, he believed to have outlived all that, and to have crushed the budding romance when he ground Stephen's picture beneath his heel.

"Good-morning, Grist," said he, smoothing out the anxious wrinkles, his voice as sweet as a jew's-harp. "Fine morning, this. My daughter sends her compliments, and we should be delighted to have you dine in Gentry Street at two, if you're not engaged."

"Thank the handsome Julie; nothing would give me more happiness, but the fates forbid—I'm engaged."

"Perhaps you'll come to-morrow, then? By-the-way, Grist, ain't the interest on that mortgage overdue? You'll hev to hold on a bit longer, till my dividends come in." The captain's dividends were a gracious reminiscence of the past, with which he hoodwinked more than one creditor.

"Eh? Oh, the interest on the mortgage. Let's see. Why, didn't I tell you? I told Grind to, any way; s'pose he forgot it. Why, I made it—the mortgage—over to—to— Here, Grind; to whom did we assign the mortgage of Captain Devenant's house?"

"Hey? Why, you know he had an account against us, and you squared him off with that mortgage," said Grind, glancing up.

"Yes, I know; but what's his name? it's slipped my mind."

"His name," returned Grind, referring to a book—"his name is Stephen Gresham, 103 Iron Row; house 9 Gutter Street. He's the fellow who's making a fortune on a patent for something or other. He'll be easy enough with you, captain."

"Stephen Gresham!" cried the captain, pale and trembling; "I'd rather you'd 'a foreclosed to-day. He's the greasy mechanic who's been looking after Julie, my daughter, and I forbade him my house not three months ago."

"Ha! ha! that's a good joke, Devenant; rather at your expense, though. It's a little more than three months since we made over the mortgage to him; thought you were notified at the time—just Grind's way of doing business. Yes, he can foreclose to-morrow, if he chooses; but if he's in love with Miss Julie he won't, unless to bring you to terms. Ha! ha! so you shut his own doors against him! Pity it hadn't been the first of April."

"It was," said the captain, "and I'm the biggest fool alive!"

Nobody disputing his assertion, the captain went home with a very crest-fallen aspect. All his castles had crumbled, all his idols were broken. Julie met him with a face provokingly radiant.

"I have a present!" she cried.

"A fiddlestick!" said he.

"Oh no, not a fiddlestick; bu you shall guess."

"I'm in no mood for guessing."

"Then I will show you. It is from Stephen Gresham, too."

"Then I don't want to see it—confound him!"

"But you must!" and she passed him a folded paper. He opened it gingerly, and saw—the mortgage of house and grounds, 398 Gentry Street, made over to Julie Devenant!

"Do you think I'd better accept it," laughed Julie, "or had we better retire to Gutter Street?"

"Gresham's a trump!" said the captain, smiting the table with his clinched fist. "Send for him!"

And so Stephen Gresham became Captain Devenant's son-in-law.

A HISTORICAL INN.

Of historical London taverns, the *Blue Boar*, in Holborn, is remarkable as the scene of a curious passage in the life of Charles I.

A secret compact is said to have been entered into, between Charles on the one side, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other, by which the king guaranteed to Ireton the Lieutenancy of Ireland, and to Cromwell the Garter, ten thousand pounds a year, and the earldom of Essex, on condition of their restoring him to liberty and power. His spirited consort, Henrietta Maria, who was then in France, wrote to reproach him for these unworthy concessions. Her letter is said to have been intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton, who, having informed themselves of its contents, forwarded it to the unsuspecting monarch, whose reply they anxiously awaited, and also in due time intercepted. The proofs which it contained of Charles's insincerity are said to have sealed the king's fate. So far, he said, was it from his intention to keep faith with "the rogues," that in due time, "instead of a silken garter, they should be fitted with a hempen cord." "The letter," said Cromwell, "was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it was to come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the *Blue Boar Inn*, in Holborn, for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We [Cromwell and Ireton] were at Windsor; and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits, to go to the inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle; while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock; the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose; and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman without sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover." This singular story must doubtless be received with caution. Nevertheless, that such a letter, in the handwriting of Charles I., was intercepted either by Cromwell or by his emissaries, there exists reasonable grounds for believing. Lord Oxford, in fact, assured Lord Bolingbroke that he had read it, and offered for it no less a sum than five hundred pounds.

THE CAPTURE OF PARIS.

We give several illustrations this week which show how the Versaillese made their way into Paris, and how the city was defended and finally given to the flames by the desperate Communists. The sketches on page 596 will give an idea of the terrible devastation of the city by fire when the Communists discovered that they could neither successfully defend themselves nor make their escape. The first shows the fall of the front wall of the Ministry of Finance, in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the side wall and railing of the Tuileries gardens. The second shows the burning of buildings in the Rue Royale, looking toward the Place de la Concorde. The engraving on our first page represents some of the soldiers of the Versailles government fighting from the attic roofs and windows of the houses in the Faubourg Poissonnière. It is from a sketch made on the spot by an adventurous artist, who made his way through the narrow streets to where the soldiers were firing. He found the attack had just begun, but he managed to see the soldiers enter the houses, and use the windows as loopholes or embrasures, from which they got a good position to fire down. More men coming up, all mounted the stairs; every window was garrisoned; at last they appeared on the roof, and taking advantage of every corner for shelter, kept up a heavy fusillade. The women in the houses at first were terrified at finding their homes invaded in this sudden way, but they soon got used to it; and one might see at some of the windows a pretty face behind the soldiers trying to get a peep down the street, and to see how the fight was going on. Such a party of soldiers, with their Chassepôts in their hands, who could clamber along the roofs like birds, might be truly called a "flying column." As this fighting from windows and roofs occurred often in the fighting through Paris, the sketch illustrates a characteristic phase of the struggle.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At a recent meeting of the New York Lyceum of Natural History Professor D. S. Martin described the remarkable deposit of magnetic iron at Cornwall, Pennsylvania, and exhibited the group of minerals found in connection with the iron. The ore is a soft, often pulverulent magnetite, associated with copper, and often pyrites. It is found in three hills which owe their relief to the erosion of their surroundings, and are composed mainly of iron ore embraced between walls of trap, the whole mass lying at the junction of the triassic red sandstone and older metamorphic series.

The yield of the Cornwall mines is 160,000 tons per annum. Professor Martin exhibited beautiful specimens of allophane, brochantite, and other minerals collected at Cornwall.

Professor Newberry, at the same meeting, exhibited a series of lignites from the far West, with ultimate analyses of each. He said these modern coals were the only mineral fuels found west of Omaha. The Los Brances (Sonora) coal is triassic anthracite. Most of the New Mexico and Arizona coals are cretaceous, the beds sometimes thirty feet in thickness. The Placer Mountain coal is a cretaceous anthracite. The coal of Colorado is both cretaceous and tertiary; the coal of Mount Diabolo, California, is cretaceous; and that of Vancouver Island, Coose Bay coal, is tertiary. Alaska furnishes some of the best Western coal—a tertiary lignite. A cretaceous anthracite found on Queen Charlotte's Island is nearly as good as that of Pennsy'vania. All these anthracites are caused by volcanic action baking lignites. The calorific power of the Western coals is generally greatly impaired by the large percentage (ten to twenty per cent. each) of oxygen and water they contain. The average Western lignite has about half the heating power of our best coals. The gas and coke made of some of them, however, are excellent furnace fuels, though they are generally worthless.

Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, has lately devised an apparatus for recording the temperature at different depths by means of an electro-thermal pile. He proposes to register the depth by breaking the circuit of an electric current passing through two insulated wires in the sounding line at about every one hundred fathoms by means of the wheel-work of the Massey or similar apparatus. In the changes of temperature an electro-thermal pile eighteen inches long, insulated, and surrounded by a non-conductor except at one end, is used in combination with a Thompson's reflecting galvanometer, not liable to derangement on shipboard. At every one hundred fathoms, when the chronograph registers the depth, the observer notices the readings of the galvanometer, which readings are reduced to Fahrenheit degrees.

An interesting discovery has lately been made in England, of the detection in a bone cave of the remains of the wolverine, or glutton. This, according to a correspondent in *Nature*, is of the greater interest as occurring in a region where bones of the reindeer, moose, etc., had previously been found, and upon which this animal in prehistoric, as now in more modern, times was accustomed to feed.

An Austrian meteorological journal contains an account of a very remarkable calm occurring in one portion of an exposed locality while a violent storm was prevailing in every direction round about the section in question. L. Gurlitt, a well-known landscape painter, intending to make a number of sketches of the chalk rocks on the coast of the Danish island Möen, encountered a gale blowing directly in the face of the coast-line, and failing to receive the shelter which it was expected the trees, shrubs, and gullies would afford, resigned his purpose, and sauntered about the locality with no particular end in view. He was led by curiosity to the very edge of the precipice, and here, to his utter astonishment, he found so perfect a calm that he was enabled not only to execute the proposed drawings, but to lay his papers on the ground without their being moved by the wind, while at a distance of from twenty to thirty paces in his rear the trees were bending with the force of the gale. He subsequently, again and again, observed this phenomenon when a high wind would strike a vertical rock at right angles. By this he was led to conclude that a mass of air in rapid motion, meeting with an extensive perpendicular obstacle, is forced upward some distance above its upper edge, and then flows over like a water wave, thereby protecting a belt against the direct wind. Professor G. Forchhammer also, repeatedly noticing, in Jutland, that in stormy weather sheep congregated close to the edges of precipices, found a perfect calm prevailing at such points. Another observation would appear to confirm the correctness of the above explanation. A cloud was seen for nearly a whole day hovering on a level with the summits of the rocks of Gibraltar, though during the entire time an easterly gale was blowing, from which it would appear that the upward current created by the resistance of the rocky wall prevented the cloud from following in the direction of the wind.

As is well known, a committee of eminent men has been in session for some time in London for the purpose of inquiring into questions connected with state scientific instruction and the advancement of science, the list embracing, besides several noblemen, Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Samuelson, Professor Huxley, Professor Norman Lockyer, and others. During a visit made last summer to London by Professor Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, he was requested to appear before this committee and give his testimony as to the relationship between science and the state in America, and especially as to the theory and practical working of the Smithsonian Institution. The first report, just made by the gentlemen referred to, is preliminary to one more detailed to appear hereafter, and is occupied mainly with questions connected with the proper administration of the Royal School of Mines, the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, the Museum of Practical Geology, the South Kensington Museum, and the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering.

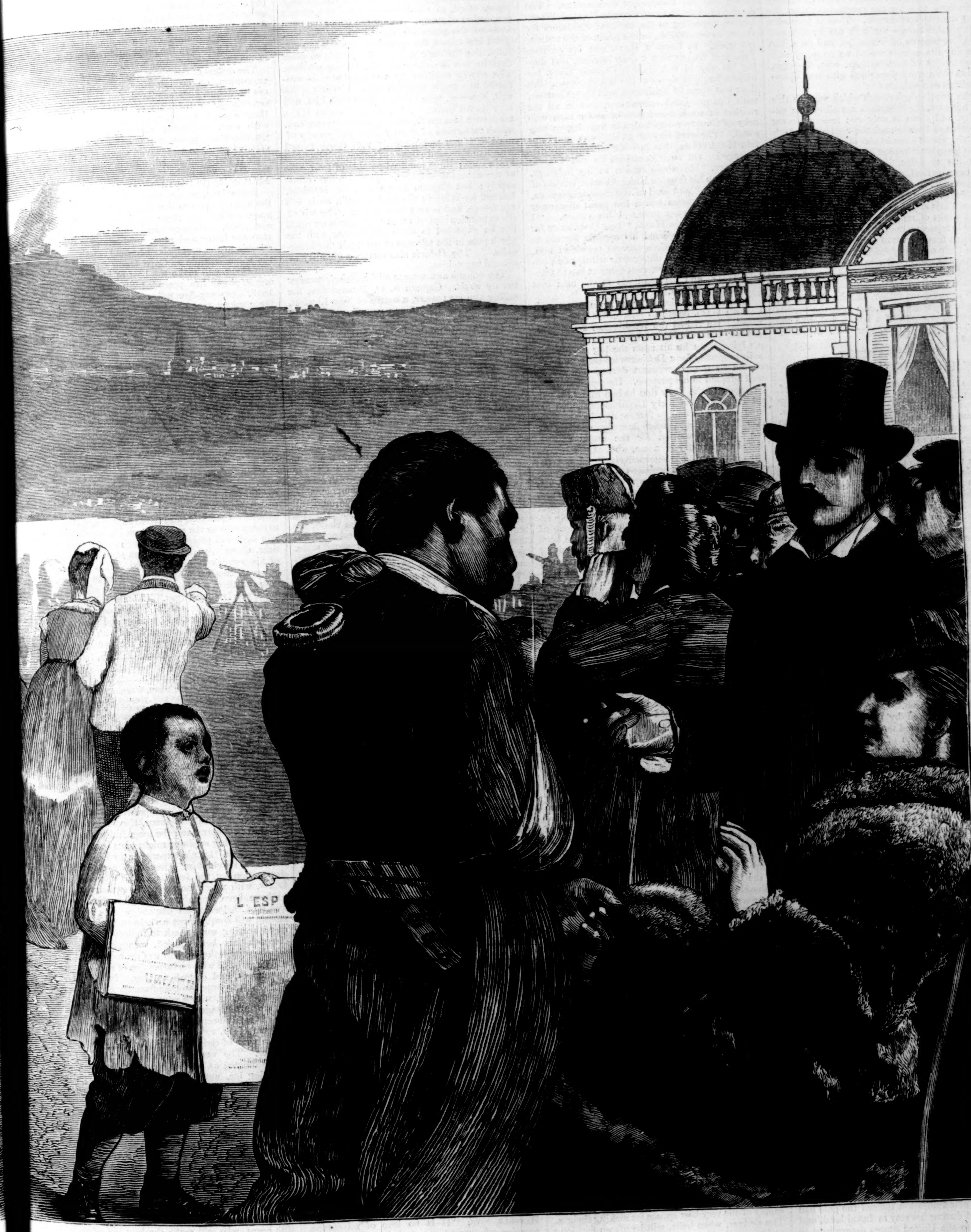
A strong desire to have Angora goats more generally introduced and acclimated in Australia has lately been excited in that country by the appearance at an exhibition in Sydney of a flock of these valuable animals accompanied by their kids. These goats are hardy and prolific, while their hair, being used, in combination with silk, for the manufacture of the most costly fabrics, commands a high price. Owing to the ease with which they can be kept, the rearing of Angora goats would seem likely to render quite profitable the vast area of poor land in Australia.

Mr. H. Schlagintweit, the celebrated traveler, tells of a peculiar way of blowing the fire in India. When, in damp weather in the mountains, there was a difficulty in starting a fire, his native attendants were in the habit of taking a bamboo cylinder of about one and a half or two inches in diameter, and a foot and a half long, and blowing into it, not directly, but from a distance of six inches. This caused a whirling motion of the air around the edge, and more air was carried to the fire than from a tube held close to the mouth. Our traveler always found this expedient successful, and believes that the application of a similar tube might essentially increase the efficiency of the common bellows.

The existence of two species of elephants has long been established—the African and the Indian, the former differing from the latter in having much larger ears, which cover the greater part of the shoulders as well as the whole neck, and often touch each other upon the nape. This difference is so striking as to be appreciable at once, although there are still other characteristics, such as the more arched and less flattened forehead of the African, the more stoutly developed tusks, which are often found in the female; while, as is well known, the female Indian elephant is entirely destitute of these weapons. More recently the fact that the island of Sumatra is the only one in the Indian Archipelago where the elephant occurs in a wild state suggested the inquiry whether this might not be a distinct species, and the investigations of Dr. Schlegel, the eminent director of the Leyden Museum, have led him to this conclusion. Like the elephant of the main-land of India, the ears of this animal are very small, and the form of the skull is somewhat the same; but the number of dorsal vertebræ, as well as of pairs of ribs, differs decidedly, there being twenty-one in the African elephant, twenty in the Sumatran, and nineteen in the Indian. The Sumatran elephant seems to be more slender and delicate in its form, and to have a longer and thinner snout. It is also said to manifest decidedly greater intelligence than the elephant of Bengal.

One of the most original and important contributions to the zoology of the day is that constituting the third number of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, treating upon the mammals and winter birds of East Florida. The author, Mr. J. A. Allen, an assistant of Professor Agassiz, is well known for the thoroughness of his research into the vertebrata of America, and the critical attention paid by him to the proper limitation of species, both in their relationships to each other, and in their geographical distribution. In the present work he gives a summary of the views to which he has been led within a few years past by his studies of the immense collection in the Cambridge Museum, and makes numerous important generalizations. Among these he corroborates the conclusion previously announced by others of the diminution in size of the American birds in proportion as their birth-place is more southern, and also that there is a similar difference existing between the animals of the higher and lower altitudes. He also finds that with the more southern locality of summer abode there are corresponding differences in color and proportion, as well as in habits, notes, and song, the vivacity of the bird decreasing as its size decreases. The principal difference in color with the more southern localities consists in the darker tints and the reduced extent of any white markings, with other features that our space will not permit us to give at the present time. The entire work is one eminently worthy of careful study, and is destined to exercise a very important influence upon the methods of zoological research.

WAITING FOR THE END—FRENCH REFUGEES ON THE TERRACE OF



OF S WATCHING THE SECOND BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.—[See Page 602]

WAITING FOR THE END.

During the Prussian siege of Paris St. Germains was a favorite resort of Prussian officers and newspaper correspondents, who, standing on the far-famed terrace of Henri Quatre, used to follow the proceedings of the armies beneath. Not only did St. Germains afford them a good view of the ground before the city, but it was also just out of the range of Mont Valérien, and they were enabled to enjoy the spectacle without incurring the slightest danger. Thus it became a highly popular lounge for both the French and German occupants of Versailles, and on a fine bright day the terrace would be crowded with representatives of both nations, who, however, regarded the scene before them with very different feelings and opinions.

In the double-page sketch which we give this week, however, the spectators are all of one nationality, and there is only one feeling among them—that of hate toward the men of the 18th of March, whose Communist ideas have forced them to leave their houses in Paris and seek refuge in the environs. Still, homeless and in many cases ruined, as these refugees may be, they have not lost that gayety which is so innate in the Parisian's nature, and are watching the attack on Paris and the insurgents' positions with mixed feelings of curiosity and anger. The irrepressible telescope man is, of course, there, and is making a fine harvest of sous, while many have brought their own instruments, with which they can survey the scene. "There is a splendid shot!" cries Alphonse, as a shell flies whizzing from a Versaillese battery into the city. "*Ciel!* how dreadful!" says, or rather shrieks, Marie, as, looking through her glass, she sees the missile sink through the roof of a house, and, like the demon in an opera, disappear with a puff of white smoke.

OFF FOR THE NORTH POLE.

By the time these lines fall under the eyes of our most distant readers the stanch arctic ship *Polaris* will be on her way toward the frozen seas. Her commander, Captain Charles F. Hall, who is well known to our readers as an intrepid arctic navigator, hopes to accomplish something noteworthy during the voyage. For twenty years it has been the height of his ambition to reach the north pole, or, at least, to penetrate as far in that direction as it lies within the power of man to do. While in the city of Cincinnati, in 1850, engaged in his profession of engraver, Captain Hall's attention was first directed to arctic matters by the interest excited throughout the country by the fitting out of the first Grinnell expedition. Captain Hall became an enthusiastic polar student; and his leisure for the next decade was spent in acquainting himself with all that had been published regarding the *terra incognita* in the north, and in watching the progress of the successive expeditions which bore our flag near to the pole. On the return of the English expedition of M'Rae, in 1854, with relics of the ill-fated Franklin, the English government declined further to prosecute the search for the missing explorer. But Lady Franklin was not satisfied; and, after vainly appealing to her government, fitted out at her own expense Captain M'Clintock with the *Fox*, and sent him to complete the search. Captain Hall's deep sympathy was aroused by the appeal of Lady Franklin. He doubted not that the great mystery attending the fate of Franklin and his companions might be unraveled, and he thought it might be possible to co-operate with M'Clintock in his brave work by an expedition from the United States. The story of Captain Hall's first expedition of 1860–62 has been told by his own pen. He sailed from New London, Connecticut, in a whaler, which was to land him, with boat and sledge, upon the ice to the west of Davis Strait, and leave him to prosecute his search alone. The loss of his boat prevented his journey westward to the region where it is known Franklin perished; but, however, his explorations, limited as they were, were attended with glorious results. Precious relics of the expedition of Frobisher, who sailed three hundred years earlier by command of Queen Elizabeth, were found; the fate of five seamen who deserted that navigator was determined; and what had until then been known as "Frobisher Strait" was completely explored by Hall, and proved to be but a bay.

Of the second expedition of Captain Hall, covering a period of five years from 1864, a complete record is not yet published. He sailed from New London in the whaler *Monticello*, and accompanied only by the Esquimaux Joe and Hannah, who had returned with him from his first expedition. The *Monticello* entered Hudson Bay, landed the little party on its northern shores, and left them to their fortunes. For the next five years Captain Hall completely denationalized himself, living with the Esquimaux, and, as they do, eating the raw meat and drinking the oil by which they preserve their animal heat. He improved his time in completing his knowledge of their language, customs, and traditions, and in preparing himself for the great expedition on which he has now entered.

In September, 1869, Captain Hall returned to the United States, accompanied by his two faithful Esquimaux and their little adopted child. His purpose of exploration toward the pole had been matured during his stay in Innuitland, and he returned to the United States determined to secure the means of accomplishing his great object. He had already proposed to ask the aid of the government, and, although his friends feared application to Congress would be useless, Captain Hall determined to prefer the petition. Soon after his return to New York Captain Hall was invited to relate his experiences before the American Geographical and Statistical Society. He was well received, and Captain Hall determined to repeat his story as a public lecture at Steinway Hall. His success was excellent, and invitations to lecture began to pour in upon him from societies all over the country. To Captain Hall a means was thus presented of supporting himself and little family during the preparation for his new journey. Communities all over the North are familiar with this arctic explorer and his Esquimaux companions. The session of 1869–70 found Captain Hall at Washington, appealing to the national legislators for means to accomplish, in the name of the nation, his work. In Captain Hall and his purpose President Grant took a deep interest, and during his stay in Washington Captain Hall became a frequent visitor at the White House. His time was spent in interviews with Congressmen, with Congressional committees, and in all the routine of work demanded of every man who asks of Congress legislation in any degree personal. The work was not an easy one, and Captain Hall relates that he became frequently discouraged. On such occasions he had a great comforter. He would return to his lodgings, and turn to his favorite Knickerbocker edition of "Columbus," and read of the discouragements, rebuffs, and insults which the great discoverer met before success crowned his efforts. "I read," says Captain Hall, "how Columbus for nineteen years preferred his appeals for aid to make his voyage before success rewarded him, and certainly I need not despair within one Congressional season." Success came at last to Captain Hall, and his gratitude to the men that gave it is boundless.

When Congressional favor became assured, Captain Hall began to look around him for a vessel. He visited the Washington Navy-yard. Among the government transports and steamers lying there he hit upon the tug *Periwinkle*, built originally for a Delaware ice-boat, and purchased by the government during the war, as well adapted to his purpose. He reported to the Secretary of the Navy that he had found his vessel, and from the Navy Department, which has used every exertion to further and hasten Captain Hall's plans, came immediate orders for the tug's preparation for the arctic voyage. Naval Constructor Delano, who, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, has successively fitted out the vessels for the expeditions of De Haven, Kane, and Hartstein, was charged with the preparation of Captain Hall's vessel. The *Periwinkle* was taken into the dock, every unsound timber removed, and, in fact, almost entirely rebuilt. The bows of the vessel have been sheathed with iron, and, throughout, her sides have been nearly doubled in strength. As prepared for her voyage, she is rigged as a topsail schooner, and supplied with a direct-acting, inverted-cylinder condensing engine, working a two-bladed "Griffith" screw. Her measurement is slightly in excess of 400 tons, considerably larger than the *Advance*, in which Dr. Kane sailed, and of about the size of the German exploring ship *Germania*, which sailed from Bremen two years ago. Her bulwarks are raised four feet above the deck, which, from just forward of the smoke-stack to a point ten feet abaft the mainmast, is roofed over, covering the engine, cabins, and a passage on either side. Materials are taken to roof over the remainder of the deck when the vessel shall have reached winter-quarters. Just abaft the cabin stands a covered wheel-house, and immediately aft of this the propeller well, into which the screw may be lifted when not in use. The cook's galley, well supplied with implements of the culinary art, stands immediately forward of the roofed portion of the deck, and is separated from it by the ship's pump and fire-room hatchway. Immediately forward of the galley is the forecastle hatchway. The forecastle contains berths for twelve men; and their quarters are in every respect comfortable and convenient. The standing and running rigging, spars, sails, etc., are entirely new. The ward-room opens from the rear of the covered portion of the deck, and contains eight berths, pantry, water-closet, and captain's library. The berths are narrow, but comfortable, and sheltered by curtains. In the centre of this cabin stands an extension table, and between it and the mainmast a cabinet organ, presented to Captain Hall by the Smith Organ Manufactory, of Boston. The captain's library, occupying the forward end of the cabin, is of considerable value, and embraces nearly every work relating to arctic subjects which has issued from the American or English press. Farther forward, and beneath the covered deck, are state-rooms for Captain Hall and for the little Esquimaux family which accompanies the expedition. The name of Captain Hall's vessel—*Polaris*—was adopted at the suggestion of Henry Grinnell, and approved by the Secretary of the Navy at the request of her commander.

Captain Hall's vessel has been most liberally supplied by the Navy Department with instruments, charts, etc., and no expense has been spared to make her outfit complete. The *Polaris* carries four whale-boats, and, besides, two patent frame-work boats, which can be folded and easily stowed upon a sledge, and, on reaching open water, covered with canvas, launched, and become in their turn the transporters of sledge and crew. They weigh but 250 pounds, and can carry twenty men. Stowed aboard the *Polaris* is a supply of the very best spruce for making sledges. The sledges, when built, will be fifteen feet long and twenty inches wide, the various parts lashed together, and be drawn by from twelve to fifteen dogs. The *Polaris* takes, in addition, two pairs of iron-shod runners which were used by the first Grinnell expedition, and have since lain at the Brooklyn yard. Experience, however, has taught Captain Hall that home-made sledges in the land of the Esquimaux are far better than the exports of American industry. The *Polaris* carries an extra rudder, extra propeller-blades, a light boat, which is provided for the use of the scientific officers, saws and chisels for cutting ice, and a supply of felt with which to inclose the boiler and prevent the radiation of heat. In the fire-room is fitted an apparatus for burning whale-oil beneath the boiler, in place of coal. Stevens is the name of the inventor. Its principle consists in the conveyance beneath the boiler, through pipes, of oil, to which has been united a certain proportion of steam. Under the boiler the open ends of the pipes are lighted as are gas jets. Trial has shown the apparatus to work successfully, but the supply of oil required is so great that its use is neither economical nor possible. The supply required by this apparatus is estimated to equal a whale per day. Captain Hall will, however, take the apparatus with him, and may find it useful. As supplies Captain Hall takes with him ten thousand pounds of pemmican, which is formed of twenty thousand pounds of meat cut fine and perfectly well dried, mixed with five thousand pounds of tallow, and inclosed in tin cans; three hundred pounds of fruit cake of the richest description. This is a new arctic supply; but Captain Hall has, by accident, learned its value in the land of cold, as it will not freeze, and is very nourishing. The wit of the expedition remarks that "of course we could not be expected to unite our banner with the north pole in the absence of the usual 'wedding-cake.'" The *Polaris* also carries a quantity of canned vegetables.

The officers and seamen of the *Polaris* number twenty souls. Captain S. O. Budington, the sailing and ice master, a native of New London, Connecticut, is forty-four years of age, and has passed his life at sea. Five times he has rounded Cape Horn and three times the Cape of Good Hope. He has made thirteen whaling voyages to Baffin Bay, and he commanded the vessel which carried Hall from New London on his first arctic voyage. Captain Budington is a wonderful rifle-shot, and can with a bullet cut the string by which a weight may be suspended from the end of the mainyard. Mr. H. C. Chester, the first mate, is a native of the village of Noank, near New London, Connecticut. He is of a splendid physique, and is, probably, the strongest man on board. He has spent ten years whaling in arctic waters, and formed Captain Hall's acquaintance on the vessel which carried the explorer a second time toward the pole. Mr. Chester is the wit of the expedition, and will act as theatrical manager on board. He is a musician, and performs finely on the violin, the cabinet organ, the banjo, and several other instruments. Mr. William Morton, the second mate, probably enjoys with the public a wider acquaintance than either of his seniors in rank. He is a native of Ireland, and has passed thirty years in the naval service of the United States. While with Kane's expedition he had the honor of discovering the open polar sea; and on this journey he proved his capacity by completing some valuable surveys of his route, which afterward Hayes found to be perfectly correct. He served in the navy during our entire war, and was with Farragut at New Orleans. Dr. Kane pronounced Morton as gallant and trustworthy a man "as ever shared the fortunes or claimed the gratitude of a commander." Emil Schumann and John Wilson, the engineers, are men thoroughly competent for their work, theoretically and practically. The former has held a responsible position with the Lloyds Steamship Company, and the latter has served for twenty years on a New York tug-boat. Both accompany the expedition from an ambition to reach the pole. The crew is composed of nine men, and there are, besides, a carpenter, steward, cook, and two firemen. Several of these men served in the Union army during the late war; and Captain Budington is delighted with their seamanlike appearance and knowledge of "where to take hold of a rope."

Captain Hall's faithful Esquimaux friends, Joe and Hannah, with their little adopted daughter, Silvie, are well known to the public. They come from the Innuit aristocracy, have once paid a visit to England, and been presented to the Queen, and both are well acquainted with the English language. Joe has been a famous hunter in Esquimaux land, and is anxious to again visit his ice-bound hunting fields. Hannah, who appears a very modest, sweet-tempered lady, loves civilization best, and hopes, this expedition over, to pass a quiet life in the United States. Silvie will be the pet of all on board, and is a bright little miss of perhaps seven years.

The scientific work of the expedition has been prescribed (as directed by the Congressional act organizing the expedition) "in accordance with the advice of the National Academy of Sciences." Dr. Emil Bessels, selected as the chief of the scientific corps, and also to act as medical officer, is a German by birth, and a student of Heidelberg. He is an accomplished zoologist, botanist, and photographer. He accompanied the German exploring steamer *Albert* on her trip to the north of Spitzbergen, and but for the war would have sailed in the new German expedition, whose preparation was abandoned on account of the war. Dr. Bessels served six months as surgeon in the Prussian army during the late war. He comes highly recommended to the committee of the National Academy. In a letter from Germany to Captain Hall Dr. Bessels says, "It is no love of adventure, promise of reward, or desire to roam which prompts me to make such a voyage, but an earnest desire to be useful to science." Dr. Bessels speaks several languages, and English quite well. The scientific corps of the expedition will be completed by the addition of an astronomer and meteorologist. At the time of writing the former position is not filled; but application has been received from a gentleman of West Chester, Pennsylvania, a graduate of Lafayette College, of Easton, who will accompany the expedition should the committee of the National Academy approve. Sergeant Fred Myer, of the Signal Corps, United States army, will join the scientific corps as meteorologist. He has a fine record in his corps, and is classed as one of its experts.

In addition to the scientific record, each member of the expedition who is competent is directed to keep a journal of the voyage and its incidents, to be delivered, on the return of the vessel, to the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, to be used in the preparation of the history of the expedition and its work.

The orders of the Navy Department direct the expedition, on leaving New York, to proceed, *via* St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Holsteinborg, Greenland, to the port of Disco, Greenland. Here a naval transport will supply the *Polaris* with coal, additional supplies, etc. Thence Captain Hall passes northward, along the coast of Greenland, to Upernavik, where a supply of dogs is to be purchased. From this port Captain Hall will make the best of his way across Melville Bay to Cape Dudley Diggs.

Baffin Bay, whose waters on the east wash the unbroken shore line of Greenland, is entered upon the west by three great entrances—Hudson Strait, Lancaster Sound, and Jones Sound. Into the latter and most northerly of these entrances to the archipelago beyond, and lying in the same latitude as Cape Dudley Diggs, Captain Hall will make the best of his way. But one explorer has preceded him—Inglefield, in 1852. Seventy-five miles west of the entrance the northern shore of Jones Sound turns abruptly to the north, and the coast line has been dimly traced as far as latitude 77°. Captain Hall hopes to ascend this hitherto unexplored sound as high as latitude 80°, and there to find secure quarters for his vessel during the arctic night and his summer's trip to the pole. Failing to ascend Jones Sound, Captain Hall will return to Baffin Bay, and pass over the course of Kane, Hartstein, and Hayes, directly north into Smith Sound. The drift ice which blocks up the narrow entrance to Smith Sound makes its passage very difficult, and, as Dr. Kane found, return impossible. For this reason the entrance toward the pole through Jones Sound is preferred by Captain Hall. Also, since an entrance into the open polar sea of Morton is impossible or uncertain with his vessel, Captain Hall seeks winter-quarters where his vessel may rest with the completest security, and trusts to dog and sledge to carry him to the pole. From Upernavik Captain Hall will probably communicate for the last time, directly, with civilization until the object of his journey is accomplished. It is possible, however, that we may still continue to receive, now and then, a token of his progress after leaving Cape Dudley Diggs. Captain Hall is directed to throw overboard once a day, inclosed in a copper cylinder, a blank form on which will be noted his position, accompanied with remarks, and the following message to the finder, which is printed in English, French, German, Spanish, Danish, and Portuguese:

"Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, U. S. A., with a note of the time and place at which it was found, or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the U. S. consul at the nearest port."

After entering Jones Sound, wherever it is possible the paper will be deposited near a stone cache to be erected in a prominent position, upon which will be noted the spot where the paper may be found. Sir John Franklin left a somewhat similar paper in a cairn erected at his first winter-quarters on Beechey Island; and had he adopted Captain Hall's proposed plan of marking his course in this manner, the tragic end of his ship's company and the long, fruitless search for the missing explorer might have been avoided. Captain Hall's experience in Esquimaux land has taught him a means of avoiding the destruction by the Innuits of his stone letter-boxes, with which no preceding explorer seems to have been acquainted. Captain Hall, instead of inclosing his dispatches in a pile of stones, will simply erect a skeleton stone monument bearing some mark to indicate where the dispatch has been buried. Innuit curiosity, which prompts the overthrow of the inclosed cairn, will be satisfied with an inspection of the skeleton monument, and disturb nothing. In addition, Dr. Bessels hopes to take from the States some carrier-pigeons, whose young may be left at Disco, and a message returned to us when the *Polaris* is safely accommodated in winter-quarters. Captain Hall expects to be in winter-quarters to the west of Grinnell Land by the 1st of September. The vessel will then be roofed over, and protected as well as may be from the surrounding ice, and preparations begun in prospect for the long winter night which will soon close around them. The fur suits of the party will be completed, and the months of September and October spent principally in hunting. While in the Esquimaux settlement of Igloolik, in 1865, Captain Hall was visited by Esquimaux from all quarters of the north, and it is probable that he will find many old friends among the Innuit people in the vicinity of his winter-quarters. In these he has complete confidence, and will endeavor to establish friendly relations with them. Near the vessel's winter-quarters will be built an observatory and other conveniences for the scientific corps, who will make the best use of their time before the arctic night sets in.

The student of the polar chart will notice that no American name appears until, in latitude 78°, we approach the winter-quarters of the American expeditions. By the many English explorers not one prominent American name has been honored, while the American explorers seem only to have divided the honors of their discoveries between American and European names of prominence. Captain Hall will have many a

cape, island, and headland to dub, and if, on the chart, between us and the polar *terra incognita*, we find only European memories honored, he is determined that the pole itself shall be surrounded by a galaxy of American names which shall make the territory peculiarly our own. During the winter night, of four months' duration, it will be Captain Hall's principal anxiety to amuse and interest his companions. Mr. Chester, of whom we have already spoken as a fine musician, takes with him several musical instruments, and hopes to instruct some of the crew sufficiently to form a little brass band. One of the seamen at present performs upon the guitar. Mr. Chester will also become theatrical manager to the expedition, and hopes to find some good dramatic material among his crew. Among officers and crew there seems to be promise of perfect harmony, and from commander to seaman all seem earnest in their ambition to accomplish the object of their expedition.

On the 1st of April, 1872, Captain Hall will leave his vessel and undertake his journey toward the pole.

His general plan is as follows:

Five sledges, drawn by from twelve to fifteen dogs, and each carrying two men, will be loaded with provisions to their highest carrying capacity. The distance to the pole will be divided into five journeys, and, *en route*, the entire party subsisted from a single sledge until its load shall be so far exhausted as to leave only sufficient to supply its particular party *two* journeys back to the *Polaris*. The supply for one of these journeys, for what purpose will be seen hereafter, will be deposited in a cache, and, with the second supply, the sledge first exhausted, with its two conductors, will return to the vessel. The four remaining sledges will proceed, repeating the arrangement, and, after constructing a cache at the end of the second journey, the exhausted sledge will return to the vessel. The fifth journey will be made by a single sledge, its little party subsisting, on their return from the pole, on the contents of the several caches which have been established *en route*. This plan, however, will only be necessary in case—as is not probable—the party should be able to capture, during their journey, nothing on which to subsist. Captain Hall is confident that he will find, at least, bear and eider-duck along his entire route, and in that case the entire party will proceed until the north star shall be directly overhead, and beneath their feet the north pole. Captain Hall enters upon his work with a greater chance of success than any navigator who has previously explored the region of cold. All that have preceded him have carried with them into the frozen waters the habits of life of the temperate zone, and have depended only on the means of life familiar to civilization. Captain Hall has proved, by his personal experience, that it is possible for a dweller in a temperate clime to adopt and thrive on the food of the Esquimaux, and to preserve within the arctic circle life wherever life may be found. Having reached the frozen country, he will immediately proceed to teach his companions to draw their sustenance from the raw meats of the frigid zone, and to pour into nature's furnace the oil by which the Esquimaux preserves his animal heat. Captain Hall does not anticipate a difficult task in the education of his companions to his standard of food, and anticipates, before the first arctic night has passed, a company whose memories alone will connect them with civilization.

The orders under which Captain Hall sails only contemplate his passage to the pole, and then will admit of his immediate return to the United States. Should nothing unfavorable occur, August, 1872, may find the *Polaris* again in New York Harbor. It is, however, improbable that fortune will be so good to our envoys, and a stay of five years in arctic waters is provided for. We spoke of the musical company on board. It may be that some enterprising musician will carry with him his instrument to the pole; and as our flag is raised toward the north star, while—east and west having disappeared—to the south of the little party lies the World, the strains of a national anthem will peal forth, and a new territory be annexed to Columbia without bloodshed and without price.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When the fervid heats of summer begin to oppress and debilitate it is peculiarly refreshing to reflect upon and to write about such a cooling topic as—ice. Not only did Nature last winter afford a bountiful supply, which has been stored up for our summer's use, but busy brains and hands are now employed to accomplish results which, if attained, will secure to the dwellers in even warmer climates than ours an abundance of this luxurious and almost necessary article. A machine is now being built in this city which, without chemicals, and simply by a mechanical application of the theory of producing intense cold by the compression and expansion of air, is expected to produce ice in large blocks, and at a cost not much, if any, in excess of natural ice. The inventor, who is a scientific and practical engineer from Berlin, Prussia, has no doubt of the complete success of this machine, having made satisfactory tests before coming to this country. It is expected that it can make two tons of ice a day, and the size can be increased to a capacity of at least twenty-five tons. This machine is also said to be very valuable for the purpose of cooling the air of churches and other public buildings. If made on a small scale, we fancy it would be a very handy thing to have about a house, so that every family might make its own ice in its own apartments.

The salary of President Elliot, of Harvard College, is stated at $3200, and that of the chief cook of the Parker House, Boston, at $4000. Good cooks are, it would appear, scarcer in Massachusetts than college presidents.

That old adage, "Murder will out," seems to have been verified in recent revelations concerning a seven years' mystery. When the mutilated remains of a man were found in different places around this city about seven years ago, the horrible affair created a great sensation in the community; but the most rigorous investigations failed to discover by whom the foul murder had been committed. But during the month of March last three men were arrested in Australia while engaged in a drunken fight, in which all were wounded severely, and one of them mortally. One of the three turned state's evidence, implicating all in many crimes, but especially in murdering the man above referred to, about seven years ago, in New York city.

Now that San Francisco is connected with Australia by a line of steamers, a project has been formed of selling in London through-tickets to cross the Atlantic and the continent of North America, thence to Australia, thus attracting to our continent the vast current of travel from England to Australia. Five and a half millions of dollars were spent last year for first-class passenger fares between England and Australia, and 600,000 persons made the journey one way or the other.

Previous to the erection of the statue in the Central Park Professor Morse had received no public recognition in this country of his eminent services beyond that of a complimentary dinner. Marked honors, however, had been accorded to him by European sovereigns. He has received from the Sultan of Turkey the "Nishan Iftichan," or order of Glory; from France, the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; from Italy, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus; from Portugal, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of the Tower and Sword; from Spain, the cross of a Knight Commander (*de numero*) of the order of Isabella the Catholic; from Denmark, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of the Dannebroge, also the honor of being a Knight Commander, in the same order, of the first class. Austria, Prussia, and Würtemberg conferred on him the Scientific Gold Medal of their respective nations, and a special congress of ten European nations in 1858 voted him an honorary gratuity of 400,000 francs.

Careful experiments have been recently made by which it is shown that sickly potted plants, and even those which have almost died out, can be restored to vigor by applying warm water to them instead of cold. In certain cases oleanders which had never bloomed, or did so only imperfectly, after being treated with lukewarm water, increasing the temperature gradually from 140° up to 170° Fahr., blossomed with magnificent luxuriance. Similar results occurred with an old plant of hoya, and also with an India-rubber tree which had nearly withered away. In all these cases the application of water heated to about 110° Fahr., without any other precaution, caused a new and flourishing growth.

The Pope has sent 60,000 francs for the relief of Paris, and a large number of sacred objects with which to replenish the sacked churches.

Medical science is progressing. An eminent physician declares that spiritualism is a disease, and can be cured by tincture of iron and strychnine.

According to a dispatch from Berlin, no less than 16,000 French prisoners have died in captivity.

The following figures, which are from the *Court Journal*, indicate that the nobility and gentry of Great Britain will not immediately become extinct. Taking the list alphabetically, as given in Lodge's "Peerage," the Duke of Abercorn is shown to have 14 children; the Earl of Abergavenny, 11, the last two being twins; the Earl of Abingdon, 9; the Earl of Albemarle, 5, while his father had 15; Earl of Amherst, 12; Marquis of Anglesey, 9, and his father 18; Duke of Argyle, 12; Earl of Ashburnham, 11, and his father 17, by two marriages; Earl of Bessborough, 14; Viscount Bridgeport, 13; Marquis of Bristol, 10; Earl of Buckinghamshire, by two marriages, 15; Earl of Carlisle, 12; Earl of Chichester, 7, and his father 10; Earl of Clarendon, 8, and his father 10; Baron Clifford, 12, the last two being twins; Baron Clonbrock, 17; Earl of Dartmouth, 7, and his father 17, by two marriages; Earl of Durham, 11, numbers nine and ten being twins; Baron Ebury, 11, the last two being twins; Marquis of Exeter, 10, and his father 10; Earl Fortescue, 14; Earl Grey, none, but his father 15; Earl Howe, 13; and so the list continues through a long enumeration. We think that if the Darwinian principle of selection applies to these noble families, a more rapid and marked improvement than the world has witnessed might be expected. There are certainly individuals enough from whom to select.

Every one ought to be aware that the fragrance and odors from plants and flowers are often unwholesome, particularly at night. Their action manifests itself by serious disorder, headache, syncope, and even by asphyxia if too long prolonged. In nervous persons numbness may occur in all the members, with convulsions and loss of voice; but in most constitutions only a state of somnolence, accompanied by feebleness and retardation of the action of the heart, occurs. This state is often associated with well-marked dimness of vision. Among the flowers that are most deleterious may be mentioned the lily, hyacinth, narcissus, crocus, rose, carnation, honeysuckle, jasmin, violet, and elder; and among plants the walnut, the bay-tree, and the hemp. The deleterious influence upon the air at night, through the development of carbonic acid gas, should be guarded against.

Three of the dirtiest, most ragged little ragamuffins in this city entered one of the magnificent drug-stores in our place. Marching up to the counter, one said,

"I want a cent's worth of rock candy."

"Get out, you ragamuffins! we don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy?"

Slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the sidewalk a consultation took place. They re-entered the door.

"Mister, do you sell *three* cents' worth of rock candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got 'em;" and the procession moved out again.

The latest and most ingenious explanation of the horrible deeds which have blackened Paris is that the French Communists were victims of a "contagious mental alienation;" that the privations of the siege affected their brains, gradually unhinged their minds, and finally they went raving mad; that the "miasmata" which spread through the city produced more violent symptoms in women than in men, because their nervous systems yielded more suddenly to the contagion of the prevailing insanity. This is the highly satisfactory explanation given by a French physician of the horrors of sixty dreadful days, particularly of the throwing of petroleum and lighted matches into public and private buildings by women and young girls.

This explains how the boys get lost: A five-year-old urchin in Boston failed to return home from school at the proper hour, and was found, late at night, and after a long and anxious search, "straggling" around the railway dépôt. He was put to bed gravely, perhaps even sternly, but without much inquiry, explanations and discipline being deferred till morning. At the breakfast-table, evidently feeling the need of interposing a defense, and taking advantage of a lull in the conversation among his seniors, he exclaimed: "I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school I went part of the way home with Mary ——, and at the corner of a street, where she left me, I kissed her, and she kissed me, and *then I found I was lost*." There was an explosion around the table just about that time.

"What shall we eat?" is always an interesting question; and though many persons practically answer it by eating every thing they like, physiology makes some marked distinctions. The *Phrenological Journal* sums up the whole matter as follows: "The student should eat articles which are pretty largely charged with phosphates, or brain food; the laborer, those articles containing nitrate, or food for muscle; and those who are much exposed to cold, but not required to exert muscular strength, that kind of food which is largely charged with carbonates, or heat-producers."

A singular and affecting scene occurred in Galveston not long since, where the rector of an Episcopal church was stricken with death while in the pulpit. Announcing his text, "There is yet room," and trembling beneath the weight of his last message, he referred to the friends of his youth, and the communicants of his church that had gone before. While earnestly appealing to his people he saw that his time had come; his words struggled for utterance; he faltered; his weakening limbs staggered. A gentleman who advanced to his assistance was waved back. For ten minutes more he spoke, his words only audible to those near him. The excitement of the audience was fearful. Three times he struggled to continue, saying, "I am very sick, but I must say—" Again he staggered. He fell into the arms of a friend as he raised his hand to pronounce the benediction. His last pulpit words were, "To God the Father—" But his tongue refused to speak further; his hands dropped. He was carried to his rectory, where he died.

The seal fishery in Newfoundland has this year been a decided success. Since the 1st of March nearly six hundred thousand seals have been brought into the various ports of Newfoundland. No larger returns have ever been realized. The quality of the seals also is superior to the average of former years, and the whole value is estimated at $1,800,000. One fortunate merchant of Harbor Grace received one hundred thousand seals in all, the value being $300,000.

It appears that it was discussed by the members of the Commune whether it were preferable to burn or to blow up Paris. Mercifully the former plan was chosen, but mines have been discovered leading from the Hôtel de Ville to the Louvre, which seem to point to an idea of finally concluding their reign with an explosion as soon as their great stronghold should become untenable. Plans, too, have been discovered among their papers for laying wires in the great sewers, which should, by a complicated arrangement of galvanic batteries, communicate with dépôts of picrate of potash, and blow up the whole of the great city at the same instant.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith. On the sick-list today?" "Yes, Sir; got the ague." "Do you ever shake?" "Yes, shake fearfully." "When do you shake again?" "Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing in particular: only I thought if you shook so bad I'd like to stand by and see if you wouldn't shake the five dollars out of your pocket which you have owed me so long."

To make a Hot-Bed—Set the mattress on fire.

Not a Good Portrait.—At one of our neighbors' houses was a very bright little girl. It chanced once that they had as a guest a minister, and an esteemed friend. Little Annie watched him very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate. "What are you doing, Annie?" asked the clergyman. "I's making your picture," said the child. So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away earnestly for a while. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it much," she said. "'Tain't a good deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

The most important Room in a Dentist's House—The drawing-room.

The successful photographer's appeal to the baby: "Hi-yi! [Begins to dance.] Howdy dowdy! Dink-a-ling-ling! Whoopee! [Throws up his arms.] You! You! You! Bah-ah-h-h! [Scowls horribly.] See here! There! there! there! Ching chung! Ching chung! Ratty tat! tat! tat! [Demoniacal grin.] Teety-teety! Diddle! diddle! diddle! Boo! Boo! BOO! Oh, now! Look here! here! Dad! dad! dad! Sugar! sugar! sugar! sugar! Rickety-rickety-rickety! Bum! bum! bum! Ah-ah-ah! There! there!" [Rag falls. Artist perspires. Mamma delighted.]

If domestic infelicity drives men to sea they should seek the Pacific Ocean.

A lady promised to give her maid twenty-five dollars as a marriage portion. The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress on seeing him was surprised, and said, "Well, Mary, what a little husband you have got!" "La!" exclaimed the girl; "what could you expect for twenty-five dollars?"

Fat men do not seek greatness—it is thrust upon them.

What disease do misers *not* suffer from?—Enlargement of the heart.

A female lecturer says the only decent thing about Adam was a rib, and that went to make something better.

Persons should always dress to suit the figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

Cheap out-of-door Breakfast—A roll on the grass.

When does a man feel girlish?—When he makes his maiden speech.

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

Appropriate Names.—The following names are indeed appropriate for the uses mentioned:
For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
For a general's wife—Sally.
For a sport's wife—Bet-ty.
For a fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
For a shoe-maker's wife—Peg-gy.
For a teamster's wife—Car-rie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann Eliza.
For a carpet man's wife—Mat-tie.

Dogs beat dentists. They insert natural teeth.

At the examination of a parochial school a reverend gentleman was asking a class the meaning of words. They answered very well till he gave "backbiter." This seemed a puzzler. It went down the class till it came to a simple urchin, who looked sheepishly knowing, and said, "It may be a flea."

A student of theology describes a woman's original sphere to be the apple.

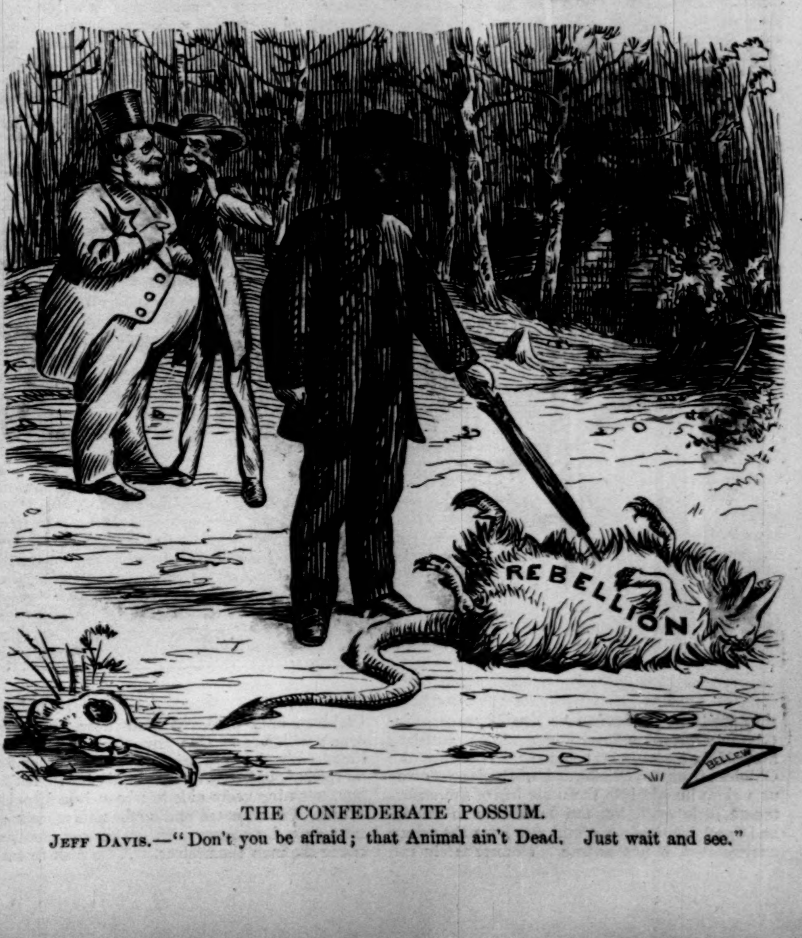
A Man full of Spirits—A distiller.

The rose blushes: no wonder, considering the things that are done under it.

A Pitched Battle—A fight between two tars.

A stranger, observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table, took it up, and on inquiring its use, was answered, "It is a rule for counting-houses." He turned it over and over, and up and down, repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, he inquired, "How, in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?



THE CONFEDERATE POSSUM.

Jeff Davis.—"Don't you be afraid; that Animal ain't Dead. Just wait and see."

BRICK-YARD CHILDREN.

THIS week we supplement the illustration given in our last number under the above title with one which shows the wrongs and temptations to which the English brick-yard children are subjected after the week's work is over, and they are to be paid off. An English writer, Mr. GEORGE SMITH, who was once a brick-yard boy himself, in a pamphlet entitled "The Cry of the Children from the Brick-yards of England," gives us a close insight into the daily life of the unfortunate little ones, but the details are so painful and repulsive that we would fain hope they were exaggerated, if not untrue. Unfortunately the statements of Mr. SMITH respecting the moral condition of the brick-yard children are too strongly corroborated by independent evidence to leave any doubts respecting their credibility. The evidence contained in the reports of the Children's Employment Commission is even more emphatic than that furnished by Mr. SMITH. Children only nine years old have been seen drunk with beer. One boy, a mere child, said that he was made to drink by the men; at first he refused, but they flung it in his face. A little boy, not nine years old, has been heard to say, "Well, I've been teetotaling for nine months; I must go and get beery now." They can often outswear the men themselves. A Cornish foreman said, speaking of brick-yard children: "They say no when asked if they can read or write, but just ask them if they can swear! Why, that little child, only eight years old, if he is vexed with any thing, will damn his two eyes and curse awfully." From all parts of the kingdom we have similar testimonies. The results are what might be predicted. "You might as well try to raise and improve the devil as a brickie, Sir," was the remark made by a Southall brick-maker. In fact, drunkenness and brick-making seem inseparable. Both among children and adults the vice is encouraged by the system of paying wages, as shown in our illustration. The masters pay the men, who afterward pay the children. The latter are generally paid at the public-houses so common in the vicinity of the brick-fields; but they do not receive their hard-earned wages until the public-house scores of the men have been defrayed. The earnings of the children vary from 3*s.* to 6*s.* per week of seventy hours. Sometimes the children have to wait for hours before they receive their money, and not unfrequently they are made completely drunk while so waiting. Occasionally they obtain a few pence by singing obscene songs, swearing, or fighting with each other, irrespective of sex. Those children, whether boys or girls, who can smoke the most tobacco or drink the most beer are always the most popular with the men.

ENGLISH BRICK-YARD CHILDREN—PAYING OFF IN AN INN.

HON. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

THIS distinguished leader of the Democratic party met with a fatal accident on the 16th ult., at Lebanon, Ohio, where he was in attendance at court as counsel for one M'GEHAN, who was charged with the murder of a man named MYERS. At the time of the accident Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was at his hotel in private consultation with his associate, Lieutenant-Governor M'BURNEY, who had just expressed a doubt as to the soundness of the theory that MYERS might have shot himself. Two pistols, one of which was loaded, were lying on the table. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, with the remark that he could show in an instant how it was done, took up the loaded pistol, by mistake, put it in his pocket, and then carelessly withdrew it, holding the muzzle near his body, in order to demonstrate his theory. At that instant, in some manner unexplained, the pistol was accidentally discharged. The ball entered the abdomen, on the right side, at nearly the same angle at which MYERS was shot.

With an exclamation of pain Mr. VALLANDIGHAM fell to the floor. He was at once attended by skillful surgeons. The wound was probed to the depth of four inches without finding the ball. He gradually became weaker, from exhaustion and internal bleeding, and died the following day. Mrs. VALLANDIGHAM was absent from home, to attend at the bedside of a dying brother, and before she could reach her husband, after receiving intelligence of the accident, he had breathed his last. His remains were removed to Dayton, Ohio, for interment, and his funeral was attended by a very large concourse of people from every part of the State.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM came of Huguenot stock. He was born in New Lisbon, Columbia County, Ohio, in 1822, received an excellent school education, and spent a year in Jefferson College. He was admitted to the bar in 1842. Three years later he commenced his political career in the State Legislature. He was subsequently elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress, and was re-elected the two following terms, when he was beaten by his Republican competitor, General SCHENCK, our present minister to England. His political career, in and out of Congress, during the war with the South, is familiar to our readers. A man of courage, ability, and influence, he allied himself, through the whole of that struggle, with those who sought to accomplish the overthrow of the country; and notwithstanding the purity of his personal life, the amiability of his private character, and his great reputation as a lawyer, the stigma of this treachery to the cause of right and freedom will always cling to his memory.

THE LATE HON. CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.

THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE FALLEN COLUMN.

THE old veteran depicted in the pathetic sketch on this page has served under the great NAPOLEON when in the height of his power, and even now lives under the same roof with the remains of his beloved commander. While mournfully contemplating the fallen column and its statue, he doubtless remembers what a brilliant campaign it commemorated, and what glorious deeds he himself performed in years gone by under the leadership of the *Petit Caporal*. Once before, when LOUIS XVIII. returned, has he seen the Napoleonic statue deposed; but the BOURBON, contented with taking away the figure of the man he hated, left the monument testifying to the prowess of the Grande Armée intact, merely crowning it with his own emblem, the lilied flag. The Commune, however, was not so merciful, and decreed the destruction of the whole monument as repugnant to republican principles, and offensive to the feelings of the conquered nation.

The column is to be rebuilt, and the historic bronze plates, which the Commune neglected to destroy, will be replaced in their old position; but there is one thing which will not please our battle-scarred invalid. The statue of NAPOLEON has been considered too imperial for the present feelings of France by even the Versailles Assembly, and so the Vendôme Column is henceforward to be crowned by a figure of republican France.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE latest scientific researches in the Mediterranean have elicited some curious facts concerning the great lake which may be worth noting. The Mediterranean Sea consists of two distinct basins, which would seem to be entirely

OLD VETERAN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

separated from each other by an elevation of the bottom to the amount of about 300 fathoms; and this would establish a continuity of land between Italy, Sicily, and the northern coast of Africa—whereby the eastern basin, which extends from Malta to the Levant, would be cut off from the western basin, which reaches from Malta to Gibraltar. And if this elevation were yet smaller, it would completely cut off the western basin from the Atlantic; for although the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, near its eastern extremity, has a depth exceeding 500 fathoms, there is a gradual shallowing, with increase of width, toward its western extremity; so that when it opens out between capes Trafalgar and Spartel a considerable part of it has a depth of less than 100 fathoms, while its deepest channel does not exceed 200 fathoms. The depth of the western basin approaches 1500 fathoms over a considerable part of its area, and sometimes more; while that of the eastern basin approaches 2000 fathoms in many parts, and reaches 2150. The effect of the ridge at the western extremity of the Strait of Gibraltar is to cut off direct communication between the *deeper* water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic, only allowing a communication between their *surface* waters. On this fact turns another noteworthy point—namely, that of the difference between the water of the Mediterranean and that of the Atlantic in regard to their respective proportions of salt; and it has been found that there is an excess of salinity in the water of the Mediterranean above that of the Atlantic.

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The Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange, dollar for dollar, for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as *Five-Twenties*, or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan and accrued Interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and One-Half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress:

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INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881. | 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF
.... DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved Jan. 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day of May, A.D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ..., 18..
Entered .... Recorded ....
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Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865–66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870–71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871–72 a further reduction of $28,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865–66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $126,700,949, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, or so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $8,217,400 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,894,128,750, as against $2,107,846,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U.S. Stocks,	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,846,150	$1,894,128,750
Circulation,	605,211,163	383,545,854	366,333,003
Total,	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,392,004	$2,260,461,753

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862.....	$382,958,500	$103,973,500	$486,932,000
5-20's, 1864.....	44,752,650	55,924,100	100,676,750
5-20's, 1865.....	123,660,150	53,552,100	177,212,250
5-20's, 1865 (n.)	179,369,500	70,851,450	250,220,950
5-20's, 1867.....	241,686,550	91,325,100	333,011,650
5-20's, 1868.....	28,009,350	11,603,000	39,612,350
Total 5-20's..	$1,000,436,700	$387,229,250	$1,387,665,950
Sixes, 1881....	93,260,400	190,417,700	283,678,100
Fives, 10-40's..	57,279,650	137,287,650	194,567,300
Fives, 1874....	13,955,000	6,045,000	20,000,000
New fives, '81.	5,117,000	3,100,400	8,217,400
Total........	$1,170,048,750	$724,080,000	$1,894,128,750
Total March 4, 1869			2,107,846,150
Reduction of Funded Debt			$213,717,400
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869			$124,255,350
Present yearly charge			111,419,993
Reduction in Interest charge			$12,835,357

The proposed further reduction of the annual Interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901..	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding.	$23,500,000

TREASURY OFFICE, NEW YORK, *June 3*, 1871.

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Vol. III.

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SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.........	" 28
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS................	" 30
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT........	" 32
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT......	" 34
TRAINED EVENING DRESS.............	" 38
TRAINED STREET SUIT...............	" 40
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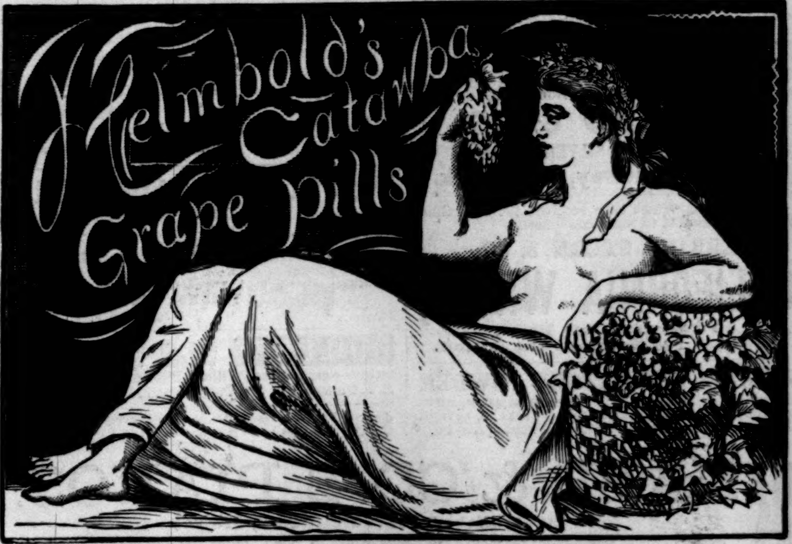

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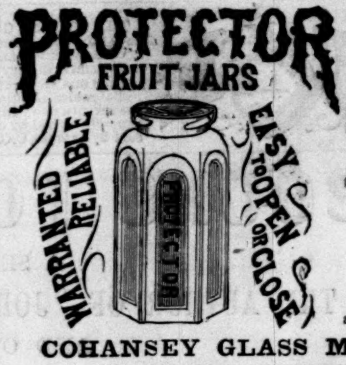

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Pianos to rent; sold on installments; and old ones taken in exchange. Illustrated Catalogues sent on application.

NO CITY IN THE WORLD has a lamp that can compare with the new New York Crystal Reflecting Lamp (Bartlett's Patent), recently adopted, and now being put in use at the Central Park, Grand Circle, Boulevard, Washington Square, and elsewhere. They excel all in giving light, for beauty and low cost. General Office, 569 Broadway, New York City.

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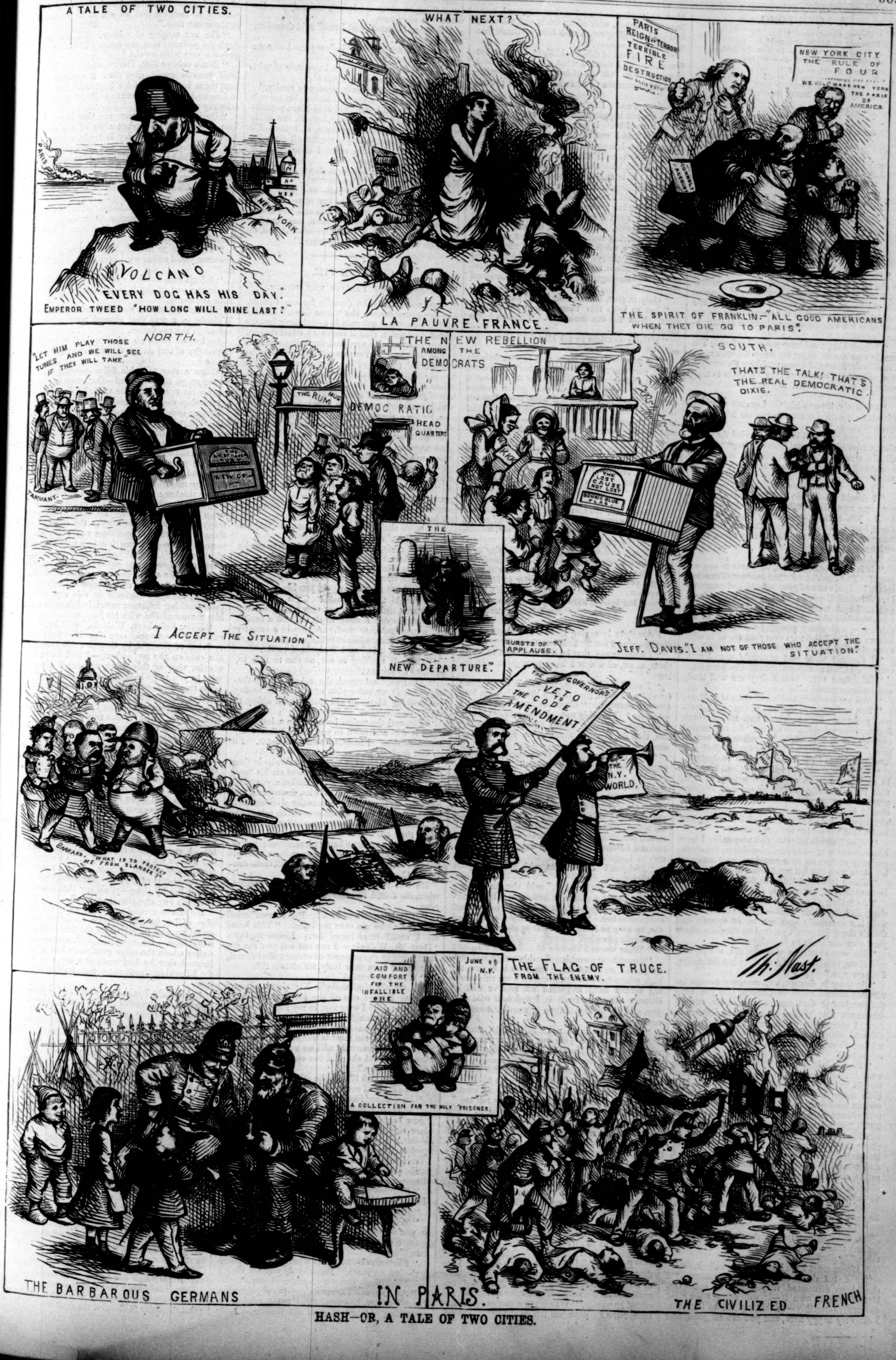
COMMON-SENSE COMPRESSED.
It is difficult to give in a dozen lines the reasons why
TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT
should be preferred as a corrective and alterative to every other medicine in use. Firstly, it allays fever; secondly, it cleanses the bowels without violence or pain; thirdly, it tones the stomach; fourthly, it regulates the flow of bile; fifthly, it promotes healthy perspiration; sixthly, it relieves the system from unwholesome humors; seventhly, it tranquilizes the nerves; eighthly, it acts upon the blood as a depurent; and, lastly, it forms one of the most delicious, cooling draughts that ever passed down the throat of an invalid on a warm summer day.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



HASH—OR, A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

A LOVE SONG.

SWEET, sweet, sweet!
Sweetest of hours, Beloved!
When I thought but to kiss thy feet,
Thou hast lifted me up, Beloved!

Sweet, sweet, sweet!
To lie in thy arms, Beloved!
And to feel the ecstatic beat
Of thy heart of hearts, Beloved!

And sweet, sweet, sweet
To look in thy eyes, Beloved!
And see myself there complete
As my being in thine, Beloved!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUSINS.

"ONLY think of it!" cried Kate to her cousin, as she received Walpole's note. "Can you fancy, Nina, any one having the curiosity to imagine this old house worth a visit? Here is a polite request from two tourists to be allowed to see the—what is it?—the interesting interior of Kilgobbin Castle!"

"Which I hope and trust you will refuse. The people who are so eager for these things are invariably tiresome old bores, grubbing for antiquities, or intently bent on adding a chapter to their story of travel. You'll say no, dearest, won't you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. I am not acquainted with Captain Lockwood, nor his friend Mr. Cecil Walpole."

"Did you say Cecil Walpole?" cried the other, almost snatching the card from her fingers. "Of all the strange chances in life this is the very strangest! What could have brought Cecil Walpole here?"

"You know him, then?"

"I should think I do! What duets have we not sung together? What waltzes have we not had? What rides over the Campagna? Oh dear! how I should like to talk over those old times again! Pray tell him he may come, Kate, or let me do it."

"And papa away!"

"It is the Castle, dearest, he wants to see, not papa! You don't know what manner of creature this is! He is one of your refined and supremely cultivated English—mad about archæology, and medieval trumpery. He'll know all your ancestors intended by every insane piece of architecture, and every puzzling detail of this old house; and he'll light up every corner of it with some gleam of bright tradition."

"I thought these sort of people were bores, dear?" said Kate, with a sly malice in her look.

"Of course not. When they are well-bred, and well-mannered—"

"And perhaps well-looking?" chimed in Kate.

"Yes, and so he is—a little of the 'petit-maître,' perhaps. He's much of that school which fiction-writers describe as having 'finely-penciled eyebrows and chins of almost woman-like roundness;' but people in Rome always called him handsome, that is, if he be my Cecil Walpole."

"Well, then, will you tell YOUR Cecil Walpole, in such polite terms as you know how to coin, that there is really nothing of the very slightest pretension to interest in this old place; that we should be ashamed at having lent ourselves to the delusion that might have led him here; and lastly, that the owner is from home?"

"What! and is this the Irish hospitality I have heard so much of—the cordial welcome the stranger may reckon on as a certainty, and make all his plans with the full confidence of meeting?"

"There is such a thing as discretion, also, to be remembered, Nina," said Kate, gravely.

"And then there's the room where the king slept, and the chair that—no, not Oliver Cromwell, but somebody else sat in at supper, and there's the great patch painted on the floor where your ancestor knelt to be knighted."

"He was created a viscount, not a knight!" said Kate, blushing. "And there is a difference, I assure you."

"So there is, dearest, and even my foreign ignorance should know that much, and you have the parchment that attests it—a most curious document, that Walpole would be delighted to see. I almost fancy him examining the curious old seal with his microscope, and hear him unfolding all sorts of details one never so much as suspected."

"Papa might not like it," said Kate, bridling up. "Even were he at home, I am far from certain he would receive these gentlemen. It is little more than a year ago there came here a certain book-writing tourist, and presented himself without introduction. We received him hospitably, and he staid part of a week here. He was fond of antiquarianism, but more eager still about the condition of the people—what kind of husbandry they practiced, what wages they had, and what food. Papa took him over the whole estate, and answered all his questions freely and openly. And this man made a chapter of his book upon us, and headed it 'Rack-renting and riotous living,' distorting all he heard and sneering at all he saw."

"These are gentlemen, dearest Kate," said Nina, holding out the card. "Come now, do tell me that I may say you will be happy to see them."

"If you must have it so—if you really insist—"

"I do! I do!" cried she, half wildly. "I should go distracted if you denied me. Oh, Kate! I must own it—it will out. I do cling devotedly—terribly—to that old life of the past. I am very happy here, and you are all good, and kind, and loving to me; but that wayward, haphazard existence, with all its trials and miseries, had yet little glimpses of such bliss at times that rose to actual ecstasy."

"I was afraid of this," said Kate, in a low but firm voice. "I thought what a change it would be for you from that life of brightness and festivity to this existence of dull and unbroken dreariness."

"No, no, no! Don't say that! Do not fancy that I am not happier than I ever was or ever believed I could be. It was the castle-building of that time that I was regretting. I imagined so many things, I invented such situations, such incidents, which, with this sad-colored landscape here and that leaden sky, I have no force to conjure up. It is as though the atmosphere is too weighty for fancy to mount in it. You, my dearest Kate," said she, drawing her arm round her, and pressing her toward her, "do not know these things, nor need ever know them. Your life is assured and safe. You can not, indeed, be secure from the passing accidents of life, but they will meet you in a spirit able to confront them. As for me, I was always gambling for existence, and gambling without means to pay my losses if Fortune should turn against me. Do you understand me, child?"

"Only in part, if even that," said she, slowly.

"Let us keep this theme, then, for another time. Now for *ces messieurs*. I am to invite them?"

"If there was time to ask Miss O'Shea to come over—"

"Do you not fancy, Kate, that in your father's house, surrounded with your father's servants, you are sufficiently the mistress to do without a chaperon? Only preserve that grand austere look you have listened to me with, these last ten minutes, and I should like to see the youthful audacity that could brave it. There, I shall go and write my note. You shall see how discreetly and properly I shall word it."

Kate walked thoughtfully toward a window and looked out, while Nina skipped gayly down the room, and opened her writing-desk, humming an opera air as she wrote:

"KILGOBBIN CASTLE.

"DEAR MR. WALPOLE,—I can scarcely tell you the pleasure I feel at the prospect of seeing a dear friend, or a friend from dear Italy, whichever be the most proper to say. My uncle is from home, and will not return till the day after to-morrow at dinner; but my cousin, Miss Kearney, charges me to say how happy she will be to receive you and your fellow-traveler at luncheon to-morrow. Pray not to trouble yourself with an answer, but believe me very sincerely yours,

"NINA KOSTALERGI."

I was right in saying luncheon, Kate, and not dinner—was I not? It is less formal."

"I suppose so; that is, if it was right to invite them at all, of which I have very great misgivings."

"I wonder what brought Cecil Walpole down here?" said Nina, glad to turn the discussion into another channel. "Could he have heard that I was here? Probably not. It was a mere chance, I suppose. Strange things these same chances are, that do so much more in our lives than all our plottings!"

"Tell me something of your friend, perhaps I ought to say your admirer, Nina."

"Yes, very much my admirer; not seriously, you know, but in that charming sort of adoration we cultivate abroad, that means any thing or nothing. He was not titled, and I am afraid he was not rich, and this last misfortune used to make his attentions to me somewhat painful—to *him* I mean, not to *me*; for, of course, as to any thing serious, I looked much higher than a poor Secretary of Legation."

"Did you?" asked Kate, with an air of quiet simplicity.

"I should hope I did," said she, haughtily; and she threw a glance at herself in a large mirror, and smiled proudly at the bright image that confronted her. "Yes, darling, say it out," cried she, turning to Kate. "Your eyes have uttered the words already."

"What words?"

"Something about insufferable vanity and conceit, and I own to both. Oh, why is it that my high spirits have so run away with me this morning that I have forgotten all reserve and all shame? But the truth is, I feel half wild with joy, and joy in *my* nature is another name for recklessness."

"I sincerely hope not," said Kate, gravely. "At any rate, you give me another reason for wishing to have Miss O'Shea here."

"I will not have her—no, not for worlds, Kate—that odious old woman, with her stiff and antiquated propriety. Cecil would quiz her."

"I am very certain he would not; at least if he be such a perfect gentleman as you tell me."

"Ah, but you'd never know he did it. The fine tact of these consummate men of the world derives a humoristic enjoyment in eccentricity of character, which never shows itself in any outward sign beyond the heightened pleasure they feel in what other folks might call dullness or mere oddity."

"I would not suffer an old friend to be made the subject of even such latent amusement."

"Nor her nephew either, perhaps?"

"The nephew could take care of himself, Nina; but I am not aware that he will be called on to do so. He is not in Ireland, I believe."

"He was to arrive this week. You told me so."

"Perhaps I did; I had forgotten it;" and Kate flushed as she spoke, though whether from shame or anger it was not easy to say. As though impatient with herself at any display of temper, she added hurriedly, "Was it not a piece of good fortune, Nina? Papa has left us the key of the cellar, a thing he never did before, and only now because you were here!"

"What an honored guest I am!" said the other, smiling.

"That you are! I don't believe papa has gone once to the club since you came here."

"Now, if I were to own that I was vain of this, you'd rebuke me, would not you?"

"*Our* love could scarcely prompt to vanity."

"How shall I ever learn to be humble enough in a family of such humility?" said Nina, pettishly. Then quickly correcting herself, she said, "I'll go and dispatch my note, and then I'll come back and ask your pardon for all my willfulness, and tell you how much I thank you for all your goodness to me."

And, as she spoke, she bent down and kissed Kate's hand twice or thrice fervently.

"Oh, dearest Nina, not this—not this!" said Kate, trying to clasp her in her arms; but the other had slipped from her grasp, and was gone.

"Strange girl!" muttered Kate, looking after her. "I wonder shall I ever understand you, or shall we ever understand each other?"

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOWING HOW FRIENDS MAY DIFFER.

THE morning broke drearily for our friends, the two pedestrians at the "Blue Goat." A day of dull aspect and soft rain in midsummer has the added depression that it seems an anachronism. One is in a measure prepared for being weather-bound in winter. You accept imprisonment as the natural fortune of the season, or you brave the elements prepared to let them do their worst, while, if confined to the house, you have that solace of snugness, that comfortable chimney-corner which somehow realizes an immense amount of the joys we concentrate in the word "Home." It is in the want of this rallying-point, this little domestic altar, where all gather together in a common worship, that lies the dreary discomfort of being weather-bound in summer; and when the prison is some small village inn, noisy, disorderly, and dirty, the misery is complete.

"Grand old pig that!" said Lockwood, as he gazed out upon the filthy yard, where a fat old sow contemplated the weather from the threshold of her dwelling.

"I wish she'd come out. I want to make a sketch of her," said the other.

"Even one's tobacco grows too damp to smoke in this blessed climate," said Lockwood, as he pitched his cigar away. "Heigh-ho! We're too late for the train to town, I see."

"You'd not go back, would you?"

"I should think I would! That old den in the upper Castle-yard is not very cheery or very nice, but there is a chair to sit on, and a review and a newspaper to read. A tour in a country and with a climate like this is a mistake."

"I suspect it is," said Walpole, drearily.

"There is nothing to see, no one to talk to, nowhere to stop at!"

"All true," muttered the other. "By-the-way, haven't we some plan or project for to-day—something about an old castle or an abbey to see?"

"Yes, and the waiter brought me a letter. I think it was addressed to you, and I left it on my dressing-table. I had forgotten all about it. I'll go and fetch it."

Short as his absence was, it gave Walpole time enough to recur to his late judgment on his tour, and once more call it a "mistake, a complete mistake." The Ireland of wits, dramatists, and romance-writers was a conventional thing, and bore no resemblance whatsoever to the rain-soaked, dreary-looking, depressed reality. "These Irish, they are odd without being droll, just as they are poor without being picturesque; but of all the delusions we nourish about them, there is not one so thoroughly absurd as to call them dangerous!"

He had just arrived at this mature opinion, when his friend re-entered and handed him the note.

"Here is a piece of luck! Per Bacco!" cried Walpole, as he ran over the lines. "This beats all I could have hoped for. Listen to this: 'Dear Mr. Walpole,—I can not tell you the delight I feel in the prospect of seeing a dear friend, or a friend from dear Italy, which is it?'"

"Who writes this?"

"A certain Mademoiselle Kostalergi, whom I knew at Rome; one of the prettiest, cleverest, and nicest girls I ever met in my life."

"Not the daughter of that precious Count Kostalergi you have told me such stories of?"

"The same, but most unlike him in every way. She is here, apparently with an uncle, who is now from home, and she and her cousin invite us to luncheon to-day."

"What a lark!" said the other, dryly.

"We'll go, of course?"

"In weather like this?"

"Why not? Shall we be better off staying here? I now begin to remember how the name of this place was so familiar to me. She was always asking me if I knew or heard of her mother's brother, the Lord Kilgobbin, and, to tell truth, I fancied some one had been hoaxing her with the name, and never believed that there was even a place with such a designation."

"Kilgobbin does not sound like a lordly title. How about Mademoiselle—what is the name?"

"Kostalergi; they call themselves princes."

"With all my heart. I was only going to say, as you've got a sort of knack of entanglement, is there or has there been any thing of that sort here?"

"Flirtation?—a little of what is called 'spooning'—but no more. But why do you ask?"

"First of all, you are an engaged man."

"All true, and I mean to keep my engagement. I can't marry, however, till I get a mission, or something at home as good as a mission. Lady Maude knows that—her friends know it; but none of us imagine that we are to be miserable in the mean time."

"I'm not talking of misery. I'd only say, don't get yourself into any mess. These foreign girls are very wide awake."

"Don't believe that, Harry; one of our home-bred damsels would give them a distance and beat them in the race for a husband. It's only in England girls are trained to angle for marriage, take my word for it."

"Be it so—I only warn you that if you get into any scrape I'll accept none of the consequences. Lord Danesbury is ready enough to say that, because I'm some ten years older than you, I should have kept you out of mischief. I never contracted for such a bear-leadership; though I certainly told Lady Maude I'd turn queen's evidence against you if you became a traitor."

"I wonder you never told me that before," said Walpole, with some irritation of manner.

"I only wonder that I told it now!" replied the other, gruffly.

"Then I'm to take it, that in your office of guardian you'd rather we'd decline this invitation, eh?"

"I don't care a rush for it either way, but looking to the sort of day it is out there, I incline to keep the house."

"I don't mind bad weather, and I'll go," said Walpole, in a way that showed temper was involved in the resolution.

Lockwood made no other reply than heaping a quantity of turf on the fire, and seating himself beside it.

When a man tells his fellow-traveler that he means to go his own road—that companionship has no tie upon him—he virtually declares the partnership dissolved; and while Lockwood sat reflecting over this, he was also canvassing with himself how far he might have been to blame in provoking this hasty resolution.

"Perhaps he was irritated at my counsels, perhaps the notion of any thing like guidance offended him; perhaps it was the phrase, bear-leadership, and the half threat of betraying him, has done the mischief." Now the gallant soldier was a slow thinker; it took him a deal of time to arrange the details of any matter in his mind, and when he tried to muster his ideas there were many which would not answer the call, and of those which came, there were not a few which seemed to present themselves in a refractory and unwilling spirit, so that he had almost to suppress a mutiny before he proceeded to his inspection.

Nor did the strong cheroots, which he smoked to clear his faculties and develop his mental resources, always contribute to this end, though their soothing influence certainly helped to make him more satisfied with his judgments.

"Now, look here, Walpole," said he, determining that he would save himself all unnecessary labor of thought by throwing the burden of the case on the respondent,—"look here: take a calm view of this thing, and see if it's quite wise in you to go back into trammels it cost you some trouble to escape from. You call it spooning, but you won't deny you went very far with that young woman—farther I suspect than you've told me yet. Eh! is that true or not?"

He waited a reasonable time for a reply, but none coming, he went on: "I don't want a forced confidence. You may say it's no business of mine, and there I agree with you, and probably if you put *me* to the question in the same fashion, I'd give you a very short answer. Remember one thing, however, old fellow: I've seen a precious deal more of life and the world than you have! From sixteen years of age, when *you* were hammering away at Greek verbs and some such balderdash at Oxford, I was up at Rangoon with the very fastest set of men—ay, of women too—I ever lived with in all my life. Half of our fellows were killed off by it. Of course people will say climate, climate! but if I was to give you the history of one day—just twenty-four hours of our life up there—you'd say that the wonder is there's any one alive to tell it."

He turned around at this, to enjoy the expression of horror and surprise he hoped to have called up, and perceived for the first time that he was alone. He rang the bell, and asked the waiter where the other gentleman had gone, and learned that he had ordered a car, and set out for Kilgobbin Castle more than half an hour before.

"All right," said he, fiercely. "I wash my hands of it altogether! I'm heartily glad I told him so before he went." He smoked on very vigorously for half an hour, the burden of his thoughts being perhaps revealed by the summing-up, as he said, "And when you are 'in for it,' Master Cecil, and some precious scrape it will be, if I move hand or foot to pull you through it, call me a major of marines, that's all—just call me a major of marines!" The ineffable horror of such an imputation served as matter for reverie for hours.

CHAPTER IX.

A DRIVE THROUGH A BOG.

WHILE Lockwood continued thus to doubt and debate with himself, Walpole was already some miles on his way to Kilgobbin. Not, indeed, that he had made any remarkable progress, for the "mare that was to rowl his honor over in an hour and a half" had to be taken from the field where she had been plowing since daybreak, while "the boy" that should drive her was a little old man who had to be aroused from a condition of drunkenness in a hay-loft, and installed in his office.

Nor were these the only difficulties. The roads that led through the bog were so numerous and so completely alike that it only needed the dense atmosphere of a rainy day to make it matter of great difficulty to discover the right track. More

than once were they obliged to retrace their steps after a considerable distance, and the driver's impatience always took the shape of a reproach to Walpole, who, having nothing else to do, should surely have minded where they were going. Now, not only was the traveler utterly ignorant of the geography of the land he journeyed in, but his thoughts were far and away from the scenes around him. Very scattered and desultory thoughts were they, at one time over the Alps and with "long-agos:" nights at Rome clashing with mornings on the Campagna; vast saloons crowded with people of many nations, all more or less busy with that great traffic which, whether it take the form of religion, or politics, or social intrigue, hate, love, or rivalry, makes up what we call "the world;" or there were sunsets dying away rapidly—as they will do—over that great plain outside the city, whereon solitude and silence are as much masters as on a vast prairie of the West; and he thought of times when he rode back at nightfall beside Nina Kostalergi, when little flashes would cross them of that romance that very worldly folk now and then taste of, and delight in with a zest all the greater that the sensation is so new and strange to them. Then there was the revulsion from the blaze of wax-lights and the glitter of diamonds, the crash of orchestras, and the din of conversation, the intoxication of the flattery that Champagne only seems to "accentuate" to the unbroken stillness of the hour, when even the footfall of the horse is unheard, and a dreamy doubt that this quietude, this soothing sense of calm, is higher happiness than all the glitter and all the splendor of the ball-room, and that in the dropping words we now exchange, and in the stray glances, there is a significance and an exquisite delight we never felt till now; for, glorious as is the thought of a returned affection, full of ecstasy, the sense of a heart all, all our own, there is in the first half-doubtful, distrustful feeling of falling in love, with all its chances of success or failure, something that has its moments of bliss nothing of earthly delight can ever equal. To the verge of that possibility Walpole had reached—but gone no farther—with Nina Kostalergi. The young men of the age are an eminently calculating and prudent class, and they count the cost of an action with a marvelous amount of accuracy. Is it the turf and its teachings to which this crafty and cold-blooded spirit is owing? Have they learned to "square their book" on life by the lessons of Ascot and Newmarket, and seen that, no matter how probably they "stand to win" on this, they must provide for that, and that no caution or foresight is enough that will not embrace every casualty of any venture?

There is no need to tell a younger son of the period that he must not marry a pretty girl of doubtful family and no fortune. He may have his doubts on scores of subjects: he may not be quite sure whether he ought to remain a Whig with Lord Russell, or go in for Odgerism and the ballot; he may be uncertain about Colenso, and have his misgivings about the Pentateuch; he may not be easy in his mind about the Russians in the East, or the Americans in the West; uncomfortable suspicions may cross him that the Volunteers are not as quick in evolution as the Zouaves, or that England generally does not sing "Rule Britannia" so lustily as she used to do. All these are possible misgivings, but that he should take such a plunge as matrimony, on other grounds than the perfect prudence and profit of the investment, could never occur to him.

As to the sinfulness of tampering with a girl's affections by what in slang is called "spooning," it was purely absurd to think of it. You might as well say that playing sixpenny whist made a man a gambler. And then, as to the spooning, it was *partie égale*, the lady was no worse off than the gentleman. If there were by any hazard—and this he was disposed to doubt—"affections" at stake, the man "stood to lose" as much as the woman. But this was not the aspect in which the case presented itself, flirtation being, in his idea, to marriage, what the preliminary canter is to the race—something to indicate the future, but so dimly and doubtfully as not to decide the hesitation of the waverer.

If, then, Walpole was never for a moment what mothers call serious in his attentions to Mlle. Kostalergi, he was not the less fond of her society; he frequented the places where she was likely to be met with, and paid her that degree of "court" that only stopped short of being particular by his natural caution. There was the more need for the exercise of this quality at Rome, since there were many there who knew of his engagement with his cousin, Lady Maude, and who would not have hesitated to report on any breach of fidelity. Now, however, all these restraints were withdrawn. They were not in Italy, where London, by a change of venue, takes its "records" to be tried in the dull days of winter. They were in Ireland, and in a remote spot of Ireland, where there were no gossips, no clubs, no afternoon tea-committees, to sit on reputations, and was it not pleasant now to see this nice girl again in perfect freedom? These were, loosely stated, the thoughts which occupied him as he went along, very little disposed to mind how often the puzzled driver halted to decide the road, or how frequently he retraced miles of distance. Men of the world, especially when young in life, and more realistic than they will be twenty years later, proud of the incredulity they can feel on the score of every thing and every body, are often fond of making themselves heroes to their own hearts of some little romance, which shall not cost them dearly to indulge in, and merely engage some loose-lying sympathies without in any way prejudicing their road in life. They accept of these sentimentalities, as the vicar's wife did the sheep in the picture, pleased to "have as many as the painter would put in for nothing."

Now, Cecil Walpole never intended that this little Irish episode—and episode he determined it should be—should in any degree affect the serious fortunes of his life. He was engaged to his cousin, Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, and they would be married some day. Not that either was very impatient to exchange present comfort—and, on her side, affluence—for a marriage on small means, and no great prospects beyond that. They were not much in love. Walpole knew that the Lady Maude's fortune was small, but the man who married her must "be taken care of," and by either side, for there were as many Tories as Whigs in the family, and Lady Maude knew that half a dozen years ago she would certainly not have accepted Walpole; but that with every year her chances of a better *parti* were diminishing; and, worse than all this, each was well aware of the inducements by which the other was influenced. Nor did the knowledge in any way detract from their self-complacence or satisfaction with the match.

Lady Maude was to accompany her uncle to Ireland, and do the honors of his court, for he was a bachelor, and pleaded hard with his party on that score to be let off accepting the viceroyalty.

Lady Maude, however, had not yet arrived, and even if she had, how should she ever hear of an adventure in the Bog of Allen?

But was there to be an adventure? and, if so, what sort of adventure? Irishmen, Walpole had heard, had all the jealousy about their women that characterizes savage races, and were ready to resent what, in civilized people, no one would dream of regarding as matter for umbrage. Well, then, it was only to be more cautious—more on one's guard—besides the tact, too, which a knowledge of life should give.

"Eh, what's this? Why are you stopping here?" This was addressed now to the driver, who had descended from his box, and was standing in advance of the horse.

"Why don't I drive on, is it?" asked he, in a voice of despair. "Sure there's no road."

"And does it stop here?" cried Walpole, in horror, for he now perceived that the road really came to an abrupt ending in the midst of the bog.

"Begorra, it's just what it does. Ye see, your honor," added he, in a confidential tone, "it's one of them tricks the English played us in the year of the famine. They got two millions of money to make roads in Ireland, but they were so afraid it would make us prosperous and richer than themselves, that they set about making roads that go nowhere. Sometimes to the top of a mountain, or down to the sea, where there was no harbor, and sometimes, like this one, into the heart of a bog."

"That was very spiteful, and very mean too," said Walpole.

"Wasn't it just mean, and nothing else! and it's five miles we'll have to go back now to the cross-roads. Begorra, your honor, it's a good dhrink ye'll have to give me for this day's work."

"You forget, my friend, that but for your own confounded stupidity I should have been at Kilgobbin Castle by this time."

"And ye'll be there yet, with God's help!" said he, turning the horse's head. "Bad luck to them for the road-making! and it's a pity, after all, it goes nowhere, for it's the nicest bit to travel in the whole country."

"Come now, jump up, old fellow, and make your beast step out. I don't want to pass the night here."

"You wouldn't have a dhrop of whisky with your honor?"

"Of course not."

"Nor even brandy?"

"No, not even brandy."

"Musha, I'm thinking you must be English," muttered he, half sulkily.

"And if I were, is there any great harm in that?"

"By coorse not; how could ye help it? I suppose we'd all of us be better if we could. Sit a bit more forward, your honor; the belly-band does be lifting her, and as you're doing nothing, just give her a welt of that stick in your hand, now and then, for I lost the lash off my whip, and I've nothing but this." And he displayed the short handle of what had once been a whip, with a thong of leather dangling at the end.

"I must say, I wasn't aware that I was to have worked my passage," said Walpole, with something between drollery and irritation.

"She doesn't care for bating—stick her with the end of it. That's the way. We'll get on elegant now. I suppose you was never here before?"

"No; and I think I can promise you I'll not come again."

"I hope you will, then, and many a time too. This is the Bog of Allen you're traveling now, and they tell there's not the like of it in the three kingdoms."

"I trust there's not!"

"The English, they say, has no bogs. Nothing but coal."

"Quite true."

"Erin, ma bouchal you are! first gem of the say! that's what Dan O'Connell always called you.—Are you gettin' tired with the stick?"

"I'm tired of your wretched old beast, and your car, and yourself too," said Walpole; "and if I were sure that was the Castle yonder, I'd make my way straight to it on foot."

"And why wouldn't you, if your honor liked it best? Why would you be beholden to a car if you'd rather walk? Only mind the bog-holes; for there's twenty feet of water in some of them, and the sides is so straight you'll never get out if you fall in."

"Drive on, then. I'll remain where I am; but don't bother me with your talk; and no more questioning."

"By coorse I won't—why would I? Isn't your honor a gentleman, and haven't you a right to say what you plaze? and what am I but a poor boy, earning his bread? Just the way it is all through the world: some has every thing they want and more besides; and others hasn't a stitch to their backs, or maybe a pinch of baccy to put in a pipe."

This appeal was timed by seeing that Walpole had just lighted a fresh cigar, whose fragrant fumes were wafted across the speaker's nose.

Firm to his determination to maintain silence, Walpole paid no attention to the speech, nor uttered a word of any kind; and as a light drizzling rain had now begun to fall, and obliged him to shelter himself under an umbrella, he was at length saved from his companion's loquacity. Baffled, but not beaten, the old fellow began to sing, at first in a low, droning tone; but growing louder as the fire of patriotism warmed him, he shouted, to a very wild and somewhat irregular tune, a ballad, of which Walpole could not but hear the words occasionally, while the tramping of the fellow's feet on the foot-board kept time to his song:

'Tis our fun they can't forgive us,
  Nor our wit so sharp and keen;
But there's nothing that provokes them
  Like our wearin' of the green.
They thought poverty would bate us,
  But we'd sell our last "boneen,"
And we'd live on cowld paytatees,
  All for wearin' of the green.
    Oh, the wearin' of the green—the wearin' of
      the green!
    'Tis the color best becomes us
    Is the wearin' of the green!

"Here's a cigar for you, old fellow, and stop that infernal chant."

"There's only five verses more, and I'll sing them for your honor before I light the baccy."

"If you do, then you shall never light baccy of mine. Can't you see that your confounded song is driving me mad?"

"Faix, ye're the first I ever see disliked music," muttered he, in a tone almost compassionate.

And now as Walpole raised the collar of his coat to defend his ears, and prepared, as well as he might, to resist the weather, he muttered, "And this is the beautiful land of scenery; and this the climate; and this the amusing and witty peasant we read of. I have half a mind to tell the world how it has been humbugged!" And thus musing, he jogged on the dreary road, nor raised his head till the heavy clash of an iron gate aroused him, and he saw that they were driving along an approach, with some clumps of pretty but young timber on either side.

"He we are, your honor, safe and sound," cried the driver, as proudly as if he had not been five hours over what should have been done in one and a half. "This is Kilgobbin. All the ould trees was cut down by Oliver Cromwell, they say, but there will be a fine wood here yet. That's the castle you see yonder, over them trees; but there's no flag flying. The lord's away. I suppose I'll have to wait for your honor? You'll be coming back with me?"

"Yes, you'll have to wait." And Walpole looked at his watch, and saw it was already past five o'clock.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEARCH FOR ARMS.

WHEN the hour of luncheon came, and no guests made their appearance, the young girls at the Castle began to discuss what they should best do. "I know nothing of fine people and their ways," said Kate; "you must take the whole direction here, Nina."

"It is only a question of time, and a cold luncheon can wait without difficulty."

And so they waited till three, then till four, and now it was five o'clock; when Kate, who had been over the kitchen-garden, and the calves' paddock, and inspecting a small tract laid out for a nursery, came back to the house very tired, and, as she said, also very hungry. "You know, Nina," said she, entering the room, "I ordered no dinner to-day. I speculated on our making our dinner when your friends lunched; and as they have not lunched we have not dined; and I vote we sit down now. I'm afraid I shall not be as pleasant company as that Mr.—do tell me his name—Walpole—but I pledge myself to have as good an appetite."

Nina made no answer. She stood at the open window, her gaze steadily bent on the strip of narrow road that traversed the wide moor before her.

"Ain't you hungry? I mean, ain't you famished, child?" asked Kate.

"No, I don't think so. I could eat, but I believe I could go without eating just as well."

"Well, I must dine; and if you were not looking so nice and fresh, with a rose-bud in your hair, and your white dress so daintily looped up, I'd ask leave not to dress."

"If you were to smooth your dress, and, perhaps, change your boots—"

"Oh, I know, and become in every respect a little civilized. My poor dear cousin, what a mission you have undertaken among the savages! Own it honestly, you never guessed the task that was before you when you came here."

"Oh, it's very nice savagery, all the same," said the other, smiling pleasantly.

"There now!" cried Kate, as she threw her hat to one side, and stood arranging her hair before the glass. "I make this toilet under protest, for we are going in to luncheon, not dinner; and all the world knows, and all the illustrated newspapers show, that people do not dress for lunch—and, by-the-way, that is something you have not got in Italy—all the women gathering together in their garden-bonnets and their morning muslins, and the men in their knickerbockers and their coarse tweed coats."

"I declare I think you are in better spirits since you see these people are not coming."

"It is true. You have guessed it, dearest. The thought of any thing grand—as a visitor; any thing that would for a moment suggest the unpleasant question, Is this right? or, Is that usual? makes me downright irritable. Come, are you ready? May I offer you my arm?"

And now they were at table, Kate rattling away in unwonted gayety, and trying to rally Nina out of her disappointment.

"I declare, Nina, every thing is so pretty I'm ashamed to eat. Those chickens near you are the least ornamental things I see. Cut me off a wing. Oh, I forgot, you never acquired the barbarous art of carving."

"I can cut this," said Nina, drawing a dish of tongue toward her.

"What! that marvelous production like a parterre of flowers? It would be downright profanation to destroy it."

"Then shall I give you some of this, Kate?"

"Why, child, that is strawberry cream. But I can not eat all alone; do help yourself."

"I shall take something by-and-by."

"What do young ladies in Italy eat when they are—no, I don't mean in love—I shall call it—in despair?"

"Give me some of that white wine beside you. There! don't you hear a noise? I'm certain I heard the sound of wheels."

"Most sincerely, I trust not. I wouldn't for any thing these people should break in upon us now. If my brother Dick should drop in I'd welcome him, and he would make our little party perfect. Do you know, Nina, Dick can be so jolly. What's that? there are voices there without."

As she spoke the door was opened, and Walpole entered. The young girls had but time to rise from their seats, when—they never could exactly say how—they found themselves shaking hands with him in great cordiality.

"And your friend—where is he?"

"Nursing a sore throat, or a sprained ankle, or a something or other. Shall I confess it—as only a suspicion on my part, however—that I do believe he was too much shocked at the outrageous liberty I took in asking to be admitted here to accept any partnership in the impertinence?"

"We expected you at two or three o'clock," said Nina.

"And shall I tell you why I was not here before? Perhaps you'll scarcely credit me when I say I have been five hours on the road."

"Five hours! How did you manage that?"

"In this way. I started a few minutes after twelve from the inn—I on foot, the car to overtake me." And he went on to give a narrative of his wanderings over the bog, imitating, as well as he could, the driver's conversations with him, and the reproaches he vented on his inattention to the road. Kate enjoyed the story with all the humoristic fun of one who knew thoroughly how the peasant had been playing with the gentleman, just for the indulgence of that strange sarcastic temper that underlies the Irish nature; and she could fancy how much more droll it would have been to have heard the narrative as told by the driver of the car.

"And don't you like his song, Mr. Walpole?"

"What, 'The Wearing of the Green?' It was the dreariest dirge I ever listened to."

"Come, you shall not say so. When we go into the drawing-room Nina shall sing it for you, and I'll wager you recant your opinion."

"And do you sing rebel canticles, Mademoiselle Kostalergi?"

"Yes; I do all my cousin bids me. I wear a red cloak. How is it called?"

"Connemara."

Nina nodded. "That's the name, but I'm not going to say it; and when we go abroad—that is, on the bog there, for a walk—we dress in green petticoats and wear very thick shoes."

"And, in a word, are very generally barbarous."

"Well, if you be really barbarians," said Walpole, filling his glass, "I wonder what I would not give to be allowed to join the tribe."

"Oh, you'd want to be a sachem, or a chief, or a mystery-man at least; and we couldn't permit that," cried Kate.

"No; I crave admission as the humblest of your followers."

"Shall we put him to the test, Nina?"

"How do you mean?" cried the other.

"Make him take a Ribbon oath, or the pledge of a United Irishman. I've copies of both in papa's study."

"I should like to see these immensely," said Walpole.

"I'll see if I can't find them," cried Kate, rising and hastening away.

For some seconds after she left the room there was perfect silence. Walpole tried to catch Nina's eye before he spoke, but she continued steadily to look down, and did not once raise her lids. "Is she not very nice—is she not very beautiful?" asked she, in a low voice.

"It is of *you* I want to speak." And he drew his chair closer to her, and tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it quickly, and moved slightly away.

"If you knew the delight it is to me to see you again, Nina—well, Mademoiselle Kostalergi. Must it be mademoiselle?"

"I don't remember it was ever 'Nina,'" said she, coldly.

"Perhaps only in my thoughts. To my heart, I can swear, you were Nina. But tell me how you came here, and when, and for how long, for I want to know all. Speak to me, I beseech you. She'll be back in a moment, and when shall I have another instant alone with you like this? Tell me how you came among them; and are they really all rebels?"

Kate entered at the instant, saying, "I can't find it, but I'll have a good search to-morrow, for I know it's there."

"Do, by all means, Kate, for Mr. Walpole is very anxious to learn if he be admitted legitimately into this brotherhood—whatever it be; he has just asked me if we were really all rebels here."

"I trust he does not suppose I would deceive him," said Kate, gravely. "And when he hears

you sing 'The blackened hearth—the fallen roof,' he'll not question *you*, Nina.—Do you know that song, Mr. Walpole?"

He smiled as he said "No."

"Won't it be so nice," said she, "to catch a fresh ingenuous Saxon wandering innocently over the Bog of Allen, and send him back to his friends a Fenian!"

"Make me what you please, but don't send me away."

"Tell me, really, what would you do if we made you take the oath?"

"Betray you, of course, the moment I got up to Dublin."

Nina's eyes flashed angrily, as though such jesting was an offense.

"No, no; the shame of such treason would be intolerable; but you'd go your way, and behave as though you never saw us."

"Oh, he could do that without the inducement of a perjury," said Nina, in Italian; and then added aloud, "Let's go and make some music. Mr. Walpole sings charmingly, Kate, and is very obliging about it—at least, he used to be."

"I am all that I used to be—toward that," whispered he, as she passed him to take Kate's arm and walk away.

"You don't seem to have a thick neighborhood about you," said Walpole. "Have you any people living near?"

"Yes, we have a dear old friend—a Miss O'Shea, a maiden lady, who lives a few miles off. By-the-way, there's something to show you—an old maid who hunts her own harriers."

"What! are you in earnest?"

"On my word it is true! Nina can't endure her; but Nina doesn't care for hare-hunting, and, I'm afraid to say, never saw a badger drawn in her life."

"And have you?" asked he, almost with horror in his tone.

"I'll show you three regular little turnspit dogs to-morrow that will answer that question."

"How I wish Lockwood had come out here with me," said Walpole, almost uttering a thought.

"That is, you wish he had seen a bit of barbarous Ireland he'd scarcely credit from mere description. But perhaps I'd have been better behaved before him. I'm treating you with all the freedom of an old friend of my cousin's."

Nina had meanwhile opened the piano, and was letting her hands stray over the instrument in occasional chords; and then, in a low voice, that barely blended its tones with the accompaniment, she sang one of those little popular songs of Italy, called "Stornelli"—wild, fanciful melodies, with that blended gayety and sadness which the songs of a people are so often marked by.

"That is a very old favorite of mine," said Walpole, approaching the piano as noiselessly as though he feared to disturb the singer; and now he stole into a chair at her side. "How that song makes me wish we were back again where I heard it first," whispered he, gently.

"I forget where that was," said she, carelessly.

"No, Nina, you do not," said he, eagerly; "it was at Albano, the day we all went to Pallavicini's villa."

"And I sung a little French song, '*Si vous n'avez rien à me dire*,' which you were vain enough to imagine was a question addressed to yourself; and you made me a sort of declaration; do you remember all that?"

"Every word of it."

"Why don't you go and speak to my cousin? She has opened the window and gone out upon the terrace, and I trust you understand that she expects you to follow her." There was a studied calm in the way she spoke, that showed she was exerting considerable self-control.

"No, no, Nina, it is with you I desire to speak; to see you, that I have come here."

"And so you do remember that you made me a declaration. It made me laugh afterward as I thought it over."

"Made you laugh?"

"Yes, I laughed to myself at the ingenious way in which you conveyed to me what an imprudence it was in you to fall in love with a girl who had no fortune, and the shock it would give your friends when they should hear she was a Greek."

"How can you say such painful things, Nina? how can you be so pitiless as this?"

"It was you who had no pity, Sir; I felt a deal of pity; I will not deny it was for myself. I don't pretend to say that I could give a correct version of the way in which you conveyed to me the pain it gave you that I was not a princess, a Borromeo, or a Colonno, or an Altieri. That Greek adventurer, yes—you can not deny it—I overheard these words myself. You were talking to an English girl, a tall, rather handsome person she was—I shall remember her name in a moment if you can not help me to it sooner—a Lady Bickerstaffe—"

"Yes, there was a Lady Maude Bickerstaffe; she merely passed through Rome for Naples."

"You called her a cousin, I remember."

"There is some cousinship between us; I forget exactly in what degree."

"Do try and remember a little more; remember that you forgot you had engaged me for the cotillon, and drove away with that blonde beauty—and she was a beauty, or had been a few years before—at all events you lost all memory of the daughter of the adventurer."

"You will drive me distracted, Nina, if you say such things."

"I know it is wrong and it is cruel, and it is worse than wrong and cruel, it is what you English call under-bred, to be so individually disagreeable; but this grievance of mine has been weighing very heavily on my heart, and I have been longing to tell you so."

"Why are you not singing, Nina?" cried Kate, from the terrace. "You told me of a duet, and I think you are bent on having it without music."

"Yes, we are quarreling fiercely," said Nina. "This gentleman has been rash enough to remind me of an unsettled score between us, and as he is the defaulter—"

"I dispute the debt."

"Shall I be the judge between you?" asked Kate.

"On no account; my claim once disputed, I surrender it," said Nina.

"I must say you are very charming company. You won't sing, and you'll only talk to say disagreeable things. Shall I make tea, and see if it will render you more amiable?"

"Do so, dearest, and then show Mr. Walpole the house; he has forgotten what brought him here, I really believe."

"You know that I have not," muttered he, in a tone of deep meaning.

"There's no light now to show him the house; Mr. Walpole must come to-morrow, when papa will be at home and delighted to see him."

"May I really do this?"

"Perhaps; besides, your friend will have found the little inn so insupportable that he too will join us. Listen to that sigh of poor Nina's, and you'll understand what it is to be dreary!"

"No; I want my tea."

"And it shall have it," said Kate, kissing her with a petting affectation, as she left the room.

"Now one word, only one," said Walpole, as he drew his chair close to her: "If I swear to you—"

"What's that? Who is Kate angry with?" cried Nina, rising and rushing toward the door. "What has happened?"

"I'll tell you what has happened," said Kate, as with flashing eyes and heightened color she entered the room. "The large gate of the outer yard, that is every night locked and strongly barred at sunset, has been left open, and they tell me that three men have come in, Sally says five, and are hiding in some of the out-houses."

"What for? Is it to rob, think you?" asked Walpole.

"It is certainly for nothing good. They all know that papa is away, and the house so far unprotected," continued Kate, calmly. "We must find out to-morrow who has left the gate unbolted. This was no accident; and now that they are setting fire to the ricks all around us, it is no time for carelessness."

"Shall we search the offices and the out-buildings?" asked Walpole.

"Of course not; we must stand by the house and take care that they do not enter it. It's a strong old place, and even if they forced an entrance below, they couldn't set fire to it."

"Could they force their way up?" asked Walpole.

"Not if the people above have any courage. Just come and look at the stair; it was made in times when people thought of defending themselves." They issued forth now together to the top of the landing, where a narrow, steep flight of stone steps descended between two walls to the basement story. A little more than half-way down was a low iron gate or grille of considerable strength; though, not being above four feet in height, it could have been no great defense, which seemed, after all, to have been its intention. "When this is closed," said Kate, shutting it with a bang, "it's not such easy work to pass up against two or three resolute people at the top; and see here," added she, showing a deep niche or alcove in the wall, "this was evidently meant for the sentry who watched the wicket; he could stand here out of the reach of all fire."

"Would you not say she was longing for a conflict?" said Nina, gazing at her.

"No; but if it comes I'll not decline it."

"You mean you'll defend the stair?" asked Walpole. She nodded assent.

"What arms have you?"

"Plenty; come and look at them. Here," said she, entering the dining-room, and pointing to a large oak sideboard covered with weapons,—"here is probably what has led these people here. They are going through the country latterly on every side, in search of arms. I believe this is almost the only house where they have not called."

"And do they go away quietly when their demands are complied with?"

"Yes; when they chance upon people of poor courage they leave them with life enough to tell the story.—What is it, Mathew?" asked she of the old serving-man who entered the room.

"It's the 'boys,' miss, and they want to talk to you, if you'll step out on the terrace. They don't mean any harm at all."

"What do they want, then?"

"Just a spare gun or two, miss, or an ould pistol, or any thing of the kind that was no use."

"Was it not brave of them to come here, when my father was from home? Aren't they fine courageous creatures to come and frighten two lone girls—eh, Mat?"

"Don't anger them, miss, for the love of Joseph! don't say any thing hard; let me hand them that ould carbine there, and the fowling-piece; and if you'd give them a pair of horse-pistols I'm sure they'd go away quiet."

A loud noise of knocking, as though with a stone, at the outer door broke in upon the colloquy, and Kate passed into the drawing-room, and opened the window, out upon the stone terrace which overlooked the yard: "Who is there?—who are you?—what do you want?" cried she, peering down into the darkness, which, in the shadow of the house, was deeper.

"We've come for arms," cried a deep hoarse voice.

"My father is away from home; come and ask for them when he's here to answer you."

A wild, insolent laugh from below acknowledged what they thought of this speech.

"Maybe that was the rayson we came now, miss," said a voice in a lighter tone.

"Fine courageous fellows you are to say so! I hope Ireland has more of such brave, patriotic men."

"You'd better leave that, anyhow," said another, and as he spoke he leveled and fired, but evidently with intention to terrify rather than wound, for the plaster came tumbling down from several feet above her head; and now the knocking at the door was redoubled, and with a noise that resounded through the house.

"Wouldn't you advise her to give up the arms and let them go?" said Nina, in a whisper to Walpole; but though she was deadly pale there was no tremor in her voice.

"The door is giving way, the wood is completely rotten. Now for the stairs. Mr. Walpole, you're going to stand by me?"

"I should think so, but I'd rather you'd remain here. I know my ground now."

"No, I must be beside you. You'll have to keep a rolling fire, and I can load quicker than most people. Come along now, we must take no light with us—follow me."

"Take care," said Nina to Walpole, as he passed, but with an accent so full of a strange significance it dwelt on his memory long after.

"What was it Nina whispered you, as you came by?" said Kate.

"Something about being cautious, I think," said he, carelessly.

"Stay where you are, Mathew," said the girl in a severe tone to the old servant, who was officiously pressing forward with a light.

"Go back!" cried she, as he persisted in following her.

"That's the worst of all our troubles here, Mr. Walpole," said she, boldly: "you can not depend on the people of your own household. The very people you have nursed in sickness, if they only belong to some secret association, will betray you!" She made no secret of her words, but spoke them loud enough to be heard by the group of servants now gathered on the landing. Noiseless she tripped down the stairs, and passed into the little dark alcove, followed by Walpole, carrying any amount of guns and carbines under his arm.

"These are loaded, I presume?" said he.

"All, and ready capped. The short carbine is charged with a sort of canister-shot, and keep it for a short range—if they try to pass over the iron gate. Now mind me, and I will give you the directions I heard my father give on this spot once before. Don't fire till they reach the foot of the stair."

"I can not hear you," said he; for the din beneath, where they battered at the door, was now deafening.

"They'll be in in another moment—there, the lock has fallen off—the door has given way," whispered she; "be steady, now, no hurry—steady and calm."

As she spoke the heavy oak door fell to the ground, and a perfect silence succeeded to the late din. After an instant, muttering whispers could be heard, and it seemed as if they doubted how far it was safe to enter, for all was dark within. Something was said in a tone of command, and at the moment one of the party flung forward a bundle of lighted straw and tow, which fell at the foot of the stairs, and for a few seconds lit up the place with a red lurid gleam, showing the steep stair and the iron bars of the little gate that crossed it.

"There's the iron wicket they spoke of," cried one. "All right, come on!" And the speaker led the way, cautiously, however, and slowly, the others after him.

"No, not yet," whispered Kate, as she pressed her hand upon Walpole's.

"I hear voices up there," cried the leader from below. "We'll make them leave that, anyhow." And he fired off his gun in the direction of the upper part of the stair: a quantity of plaster came clattering down as the ball struck the ceiling.

"Now," said she. "Now, and fire low!"

He discharged both barrels so rapidly that the two detonations blended into one, and the assailants replied by a volley, the echoing din almost sounding like artillery. Fast as Walpole could fire, the girl replaced the piece by another; when suddenly she cried, "There is a fellow at the gate—the carbine—the carbine now, and steady." A heavy crash and a cry followed his discharge, and snatching the weapon from him, she reloaded and handed it back with lightning speed. "There is another there," whispered she; and Walpole moved farther out, to take a steadier aim. All was still: not a sound to be heard for some seconds, when the hinges of the gate creaked and the bolt shook in the lock. Walpole fired again, but as he did so, the others poured in a rattling volley, one shot grazing his cheek, and another smashing both bones of his right arm, so that the carbine fell powerless from his hand. The intrepid girl sprang to his side at once, and then passing in front of him, she fired some shots from a revolver in quick succession. A low, confused sound of feet, and a scuffling noise followed, when a rough, hoarse voice cried out, "Stop firing; we are wounded, and going away."

"Are you badly hurt?" whispered Kate to Walpole.

"Nothing serious; be still and listen!"

"There, the carbine is ready again. Oh, you can not hold it—leave it to me," said she.

From the difficulty of removal, it seemed as though one of the party beneath was either killed or badly wounded, for it was several minutes before they could gain the outer door.

"Are they really retiring?" whispered Walpole.

"Yes; they seem to have suffered heavily."

"Would you not give them one shot at parting—that carbine is charged?" asked he, anxiously.

"Not for worlds," said she; "savage as they are, it would be ruin to break faith with them."

"Give me a pistol, my left hand is all right." Though he tried to speak with calmness, the agony of pain he was suffering so overcame him that he leaned his head down, and rested it on her shoulder.

"My poor, poor fellow!" said she, tenderly; "I would not for the world that this had happened."

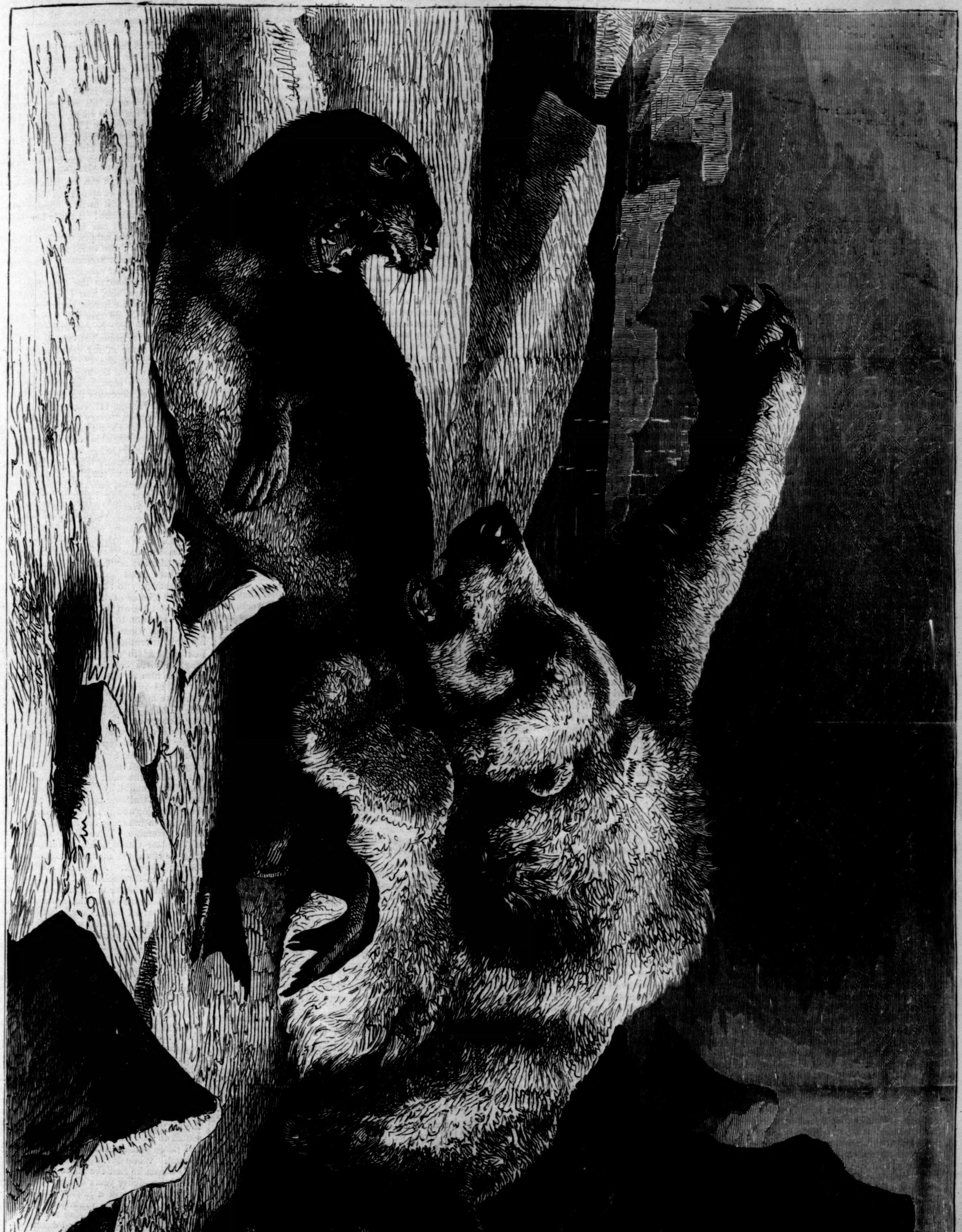
"They're gone, Miss Kate; they've passed out at the big gate, and they're off," whispered old Mathew, as he stood trembling behind her.

"Here, call some one, and help this gentleman up the stairs, and get a mattress down on the floor at once; send off a messenger, Sally, for Doctor Tobin. He can take the car that came this evening, and let him make what haste he can."

"Is he wounded?" said Nina, as they laid him down on the floor. Walpole tried to smile and say something, but no sound came forth.

"My own dear, dear Cecil," whispered Nina, as she knelt and kissed his hand; "tell me it is not dangerous." But he had fainted.

"HOW THAT SONG MAKES ME WISH WE WERE BACK AGAIN WHERE I HEARD IT FIRST."



A POLAR BEAR CATCHING A SEAL ON THE ICE.—From a Drawing by Ludwig Beckmann.—[See Page 615.]

THE AUTO-DA-FÉ.

I bend o'er the flame as it burns,
And feel its hot, pitiless breath;
I ponder each word as it turns
From life into meaningless death.
And e'en as I gaze at the glare—
Now flickering faintly, now fast—
I read by the light of despair
The joy of the hope that is past.

Time was when each word that they spoke,
Those letters so often read o'er,
Old fancies and longings awoke
By magic that soothed them before.
From books I would eagerly turn
To gloat o'er those falsely fair signs,
For all that I once cared to learn
I found in these fast-fading lines.

In ashes before me they lie;
The flame that destroyed them burns low:
Ah! would but their memory die,
And cease with these embers to glow!
All dark! yet I feel that they live;
My prayer with no answer has met.
'Tis easy for love to forgive,
But oh, it can never forget!

"THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE."

"Yes, I could tell you plenty of stories like that; I've seen a few adventures in my time."

"You have indeed; but won't you give me a few more? It's early yet."

We were sitting in the half-demolished summer-house of a little village inn on the coast of Brittany—in all probability the only wakeful inhabitants of the whole place, for sitting up till eleven P.M. is an enormity unknown in that primitive region. My companion's stern swarthy face and tangled black beard, seen beneath the uncertain light of the rising moon, might have made him appear, to any person of unsteady nerves, rather an "uncanny" comrade for a midnight *tête-à-tête*; but in spite of his repellent manner and miner-like roughness of speech, there was an indescribable *something* in his tone and bearing which convinced me that, however he might have fallen, or been forced into his present nondescript way of life, he had (to use the common phrase) "been a gentleman once." This, however, was mere conjecture on my part; for in all the marvelous diorama of personal adventure which he had spread before me—riotous revels in Australian taverns, succeeded by days of deadly peril in antarctic seas; fights with pirates in the Straits of Malacca, following upon weeks of luxurious indolence amidst the lotus-eaters of Brazil; sledge drives across Russian steppes, and bear hunts in American forests—there was not the slightest hint at his early life or original station in society. It was at the close of a vivid description of a hurricane off Cape Horn that my Ulysses paused in his narrative, and I reiterated my request for another page from this eventful autobiography.

"What? not tired yet? It's not every one that could stand hearing a fellow talk so long about himself."

"Well," said I, "I'll only ask you for one more: tell me the strangest adventure you ever had."

The wanderer started slightly, and then said, in an altered voice, "You've made a better bargain than you think for. I *will* tell you the strangest of all, and let us see how you like it. I don't ask you to believe it, because I know that when you put these sort of things into books people laugh, and talk of Baron Munchausen, and all that. I've read the Baron," he went on, noticing my look of surprise, "and many another book that you'd never give me credit for; but in a book this story I'm going to tell you would be impossible; and it's just *because* it seems impossible that it is true."

"So says Byron," interrupted I, speaking lightly, in order to dissipate the effect involuntarily produced upon me by the terrible emphasis of the man's tone and manner.

"I've read Byron too," he rejoined, "though you mayn't think it. That description of the sunset in Greece was always a favorite bit of mine.

"But I must get to my story. You remember how those two fellows robbed my tent, and how I fired all the six barrels of my revolver into them as they ran off? Well, it was just after that job that I shifted my tent away from the rest, thinking I'd be more comfortable by myself for a bit. You'll say this was rather venturesome after I'd been robbed once already; but then, you see, these beauties that I fired at thought they'd fairly cleaned me out. Nobody knew that I'd got a lot more buried under a big gum-tree some two hundred yards off; so the whole camp thought I was dry, and you may be sure I did not undeceive them. Well, I moved my tent up to the tree where the gold was, and there I staid; but I still stuck to my digging, to make up for what I'd lost. I got a middling lot of dust every day, but I took care to let nobody see more of it than I could help; so folks got to think I was down on my luck, and left off minding about me at all.

"One night I'd been working pretty late, and got chilled right through; and though I rolled my blanket well round me after turning into my hammock, I couldn't get warm anyhow; and so I shivered away till I fell asleep. Then I fell to dreaming that I was in a trance, like some man I once read about in America, and that they thought me dead, and were going to bury me. I tried my hardest to move, or scream out, or something, but no good; and I heard the coffin lid slap to, and the first spadeful of earth fall on it, and then I awoke.

"It was a fine bright morning, and through the opening of the tent I could see the sun shining, and hear the picks and cradles getting to work as usual. But my dream wasn't *all* fancy, for I felt as if I were bound down and couldn't move an inch; and yet it wasn't quite that either—it was more as if I had no substance left, but was all air and shadow. If ever a living man felt like a ghost, I did then.

"Well, I didn't think of being frightened just at first; I felt more put out and foolish, like a man who's had a tumble, or got splashed all over by a cart. It seemed so queer for a great strong fellow like me to be laid by the heels that way, and at first the thought of it almost made me laugh; so there I lay like a log for ever so long, listening to all the noises from the camp, till at last (about noon it must have been, by the sun) I began to feel hungry, and commenced looking very hard at my 'damper' and cold mutton, which lay upon a log t'other side of the tent. 'Well,' thought I, 'it's a queer thing for a man to be starved this way with food before his eyes!' But the moment I thought it something cold seemed to clutch my heart and squeeze it all together. I tried to put it away by saying to myself, 'This 'll go off soon—of course it will;' but at that minute it flashed across me, as if some one had written it in letters of fire all over the place, 'And supposing it *doesn't* go off—WHAT THEN?'

"It was then I began to feel frightened for the first time. I turned sick all at once as if I were going to die, and likely enough I may have fainted, for the next thing I remember there was a great silence all over the camp; and by that I knew that the men were having their dinner, and that it must be late in the afternoon. As night came on I began to feel very bad every way. So long as the sun was shining, and the sound of the picking and shoveling went on, the light and the noise and the feeling of having lots of people close to me kept me up a bit; but when the sounds died away little by little, and the darkness came all round as if it were locking me in, I felt as cast down and helpless as a child lost in a great town. However, my hunger made me savage like, and that held me up; for so long as there's strength enough for anger in a man he's got a chance; it's when he *can't* feel savage that his heart's broken. Only I kept always wishing that something would break the silence; and at last something *did*, with a vengeance, for a lot of the horrible dingoes commenced howling. And so they kept on, and worked me up till I felt as if I'd give any thing to have just one blow at them, no matter what came after; for what with the hunger, and the lying still so long, and the howling of these brutes, I'd got so mad that I'd have liked to kill *something*, no matter what it was. And so the night wore away—a dreary night for me!"

While he was speaking the moon had become gradually obscured, and we were wrapped in a shadowy dimness that harmonized well with the gloomy recital, to which the deepening sombreness of his tone lent additional horror.

"The sun rose at last, but it brought no bright morning hope with it: only the same weary helplessness, which seemed as if it had lasted for days and days—for I had lost all count of time. When the noise of the diggings began again I almost wished it would leave off, much as I had wished for it before; for it sent a kind of horror through me to think of the hundreds of men so near, any one of whom would have run like lightning to help me if he'd only known of the scrape I was in, while I lay, dumb and dying, close by. Ay, *dying!* it was no use shamming hopeful any longer, for now I began to feel a gnawing and tugging in my inside, as if the teeth of a wolf were tearing it; and I knew what that meant, for I'd felt it before, only not so bad. I wouldn't have minded so much if I could only have screamed, or flung myself about, or *any thing* to show what I felt; but to lie there stock-still and speechless—it was horrible."

A shudder, which I could see in the uncertain light, shook his strong frame as he proceeded.

"As the sun grew hotter the flies began to swarm; and as I watched them it struck me all of a sudden what a way I should be in, supposing they attacked me; for, as I was then, they might have sucked every drop of my blood before I could have stirred a finger. I knew something of what Australian bush-flies could do, for I'd once stumbled on the body of a shepherd who had been tied to a tree by the bush-rangers and left. However, luckily for me, there was something else in the tent that tempted them more, and that was the food I'd left lying on the log. In a second they were down on it: all the meat turned black at once, as if with a shower of soot, and their buzzing was like the wind blowing through a row of wires. You'd laugh at me, stranger, if I were to tell you how savage that sight made me; for, of course, you'll say I ought to have been mighty glad to get off so cheap. But, oh! to see those accursed vermin gorging themselves before my eyes, while I, a *man*, lay starving! I tell you, all that I felt before was nothing to it!

"Toward afternoon there began a kind of whispering and humming in my ears, getting louder bit by bit. It wasn't the flies, for they were all gone; it was what comes to one on the second or third day of starving to death, and I knew it. Some of my mates that were starved up country used to keep putting their hands to their ears for a while before they died, saying they heard something whispering to them. It got stronger and stronger, till the sound seemed to shape itself into an old song that a man I was with in Brazil kept crooning over just before *he* died. The song was all about a party going across the desert to look for some men that were lost; but the verse that rang in my head then was this:

'And never a man, and never a beast
They met on their desolate way;
But the bleaching bones in the hungry sand
Said all that a tongue could say.'

And so it kept going over and over, till at last I fairly went off—half slept and half fainted.

"It was late when I awoke, and I can't tell you how I felt at seeing the sun setting again. As the light faded I felt as if my life was going out along with it; and when it dipped below the horizon I was ready to start up and stretch out my arms to hold it back, if I'd had the strength. And such a night as that second night was—good Heaven! There's a verse somewhere in the Bible that speaks of 'a horror of great darkness;' I learned it at school, but I never knew what it really meant till then. This time there was no howling of dingoes, no noise of any sort; all was deadly still, as if the world itself, with all that lived and breathed in it, were dead, and I alone kept living—living on. I suppose I must have been getting light-headed with hunger and weakness, for I began to fancy all sorts of queer things. First I thought I was nailed down in a coffin, and that if I could only move or scream, or even speak, the lid would fly open; but I couldn't. Then it seemed as if I were at the bottom of the sea, and the weight of water above pressed me down till I could hardly breathe. All at once I was startled out of my fancies by a sound close to the tent, the like of which I never heard before or since—a low, moaning cry, that sounded like 'All alone! all alone!' over and over again. I can't tell to this day whether I really heard it or only fancied it; but at the time it gave me such a horror that I nearly went mad.

"The third morning came, and found me nearly at my last. The gnawing pain was gone, and instead of it had come a pleasant drowsiness, like what a man feels when he falls down to sleep in the snow. All the morning I lay in a kind of dream, thinking of nothing, fearing nothing—as quiet as a child at its mother's breast; till all at once I saw something that roused me in good earnest—a black, shining thing, like a long strip of velvet, coming gliding into the tent. I knew it directly for one of the deadliest snakes in Australia. The next moment I heard the rustle of its coils up the tent-pole to which my hammock was slung, and then I saw its flat head and black, beady eyes hanging over me, and looking right down into my face to see if I were dead or not. I suppose it thought I was, for the next minute it slid down over my face, and to and fro along the hammock, till at last it went to the other pole, and there it glided off, and I saw no more of it. Any body watching me then would have called me a brave fellow; but I dare say it's not the first time that a man has been thought brave because he couldn't run away!

"I don't know how long it was after that—it may have been an hour, or a day, or a week, for all I could tell—that a shadow fell across my face, and I heard a voice calling out, 'Holloa, mate! can you give us a fire-stick? I've let my fire out.' With the sound of that voice all my love of life came back again, and I gathered up my strength to try and speak.

"Seeing me lying there so white and still, the fellow must have thought me dead; and for a moment—the bitterest moment I ever had—I thought he was going to turn and go out again; but, although I couldn't speak, I managed just to move my eyelids, and he saw it. He said nothing, but raised my head on his arm, and took out his flask to pour some rum into my mouth; and then I knew that I was saved, and with the shock of the reaction I fainted in right earnest."

Here my strange companion suddenly ceased, and, rising from his chair, said to me, "You've had your story, stranger, and now I'm going to bid you good-night; for I haven't spoke of this business since it befell, and it rather upsets me thinking of it. You tell me you're off early tomorrow morning, so it's a hundred to one if we ever meet again; but in any case I wish you success in your travels, and may you end better than *I* have done!"

Then, grasping my hand with a force that made it tingle to the wrist, he departed.

His parting words were true, for we have never met since that night; but should these lines ever meet his eye, it may gratify him to know there is at least *one* man in the world who fully believes his story, even though it be (as he styled it) "the strangest adventure of all."

A CHAPTER OF GOSSIP.

In a charming book, recently published in England under the title of "Charles Young and his Times," we find a great number of anecdotes and reminiscences of persons who have long since passed away, but whose names never fail to awaken interest and curiosity. We make a few extracts, premising that Young was in his time an actor of great celebrity.

Great writers in their own houses, like prophets among their own people, proverbially lack much of the consideration they find abroad. Mrs. Douglas Jerrold always wondered what it was people found in her husband's jokes to laugh at. It is *said* that many years had passed over the head of Burns's son before the young man knew that his father was famous as a poet. It is certain that Walter Scott's eldest son had arrived at more than manhood before he had the curiosity to read one of his sire's novels. He thought little of it when he had read it. This want of appreciation the son derived from his mother. Once, when Young, the actor, was admiring the fashion of the ceiling in Scott's drawing-room at Abbotsford, Lady Scott exclaimed, in her droll Guernsey accent, "Ah! Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses in the ceiling as long as you like, but you must not look down at my poor carpet, for I am ashamed of it. I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense books and buy me a new one!" To those who remember the charm of Young's musical voice, Lady Dacre's lines on his reciting "Tam o' Shanter" to the other guests at Abbotsford will present themselves without any thought of differing from their conclusion, thus neatly put:

"And Tam o' Shanter roaring fou,
By thee embodied to our view,
The rustic bard would own sae true,
He scant could tell
Wha 'twas the livin' picture drew,
Thou or himsel'!"

It is a curious fact that Scott, harmonious poet as he was, had no ear for music, unless it were that of a ballad, and he would repeat that horribly out of tune. He was, however, in tune with all humanity; as much so with a king as with the humblest of his subjects. When he went on board the royal yacht, which had arrived near Leith, with George IV., amid such rain as only falls in Scotland, Scott, in an off-hand yet respectful way, told the king that the weather reminded him of the stormy day of his own arrival in the Western Highlands—weather which so disgusted the landlord of the inn, who was used to the very worst, that he apologized for it. "Gude guide us! this is just awfu'! Siccan a downpour, was ever the like! I really beg your pardon! I'm sure it's nae faut o' mine. I canna think how it should happen to rain this way just as you o' a' men i' the warld should come to see us! It looks amaist personal! I can only say, for my part, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!" Having thus spoken to the king, Scott added, "I do not know, sire, that I can improve upon the language of the honest innkeeper. I canna think how it should rain this way just as your Majesty, of all men in the world, should have condescended to come and see us. I can only say, in the name of my countrymen, I'm just ashamed o' the weather!" It was at Scott's petition that the royal landing was deferred till the next day, which brought all the sunshine that was considered necessary for the occasion.

Poor old George III. can not be said at any time to have been "every inch a king." He was certainly not, by nature, a cruel man. Yet he betrayed something akin to cruelty when, on the night of the Lord George Gordon riots, an officer who had been actively employed in suppressing the rioters waited on the king to make his report. George III. hurried forward to meet him, crying out, with screaming iteration, "Well! well! well! I hope you peppered them well! peppered them well! peppered them well!" There may, however, have been nothing more in this than there was in Wellington's injunction to his officers on the day that London was threatened with a Chartist revolution, "Remember, gentlemen, there must be no little war!" In such cases humanity to revolutionists is lack of mercy to the friends of order.

It is well known that George III. had an insuperable aversion to Dr. John Willis, who had attended him when the king was laboring under his early intermitting attacks of insanity. Willis was induced to take temporary charge of the king, on Pitt's promise to make him a baronet and give him a pension of £1500 a year—pleasant things which never came to pass. Queen Charlotte hated Willis even more than the king did. The physician earned that guerdon by putting George III. in a strait-waistcoat whenever he thought the royal violence required it. The doctor took this step on his own responsibility. The queen never forgave him, and the king, as long as he had memory, never forgot it. In 1811, when the fatal relapse occurred, brought on, Willis thought, by Pitt's persistent pressure of the Roman Catholic claims on the king's mind, the chancellor and the Prince of Wales had some difficulty in inducing the doctor to take charge of the sovereign. When Willis entered that part of Windsor Castle which was inhabited by the king he heard the monarch humming a favorite song in his room. A moment after George III. crossed the threshold on to the landing-place. He was in Windsor uniform, as to his coat, blue with scarlet cuffs and collar, a star on the breast. A waistcoat of buff chamois leather, buckskin breeches and top-boots, with the familiar three-cornered hat, completed the costume. He came forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, full of hope and joy, like Cymon, "whistling as he went for want of thought," and switching his boot with his whip as he went. Suddenly, as his eye fell on Willis, he reeled back as if he had been shot. He shrieked out the hated name, called on God, and fell to the ground. It was long before the unhappy sovereign could be calmed. In his own room the king wept like a child. Every now and then he broke into heart-rending exclamations of "What can I do without doing wrong? They forget my coronation oath; but I don't! Oh, my oath! my oath! my oath!" The king's excitement on seeing Willis was partly caused by his remembering the queen's promise that Willis should never be called in again in case of the king's illness. Willis on that occasion consented to stay with the king after a fearful scene had taken place with the queen, her doctors, and council. When Mr. Julian Young knew Willis, from whom he had the above details, the doctor was above eighty years of age, upright and active. He was still a mighty hunter; and, unless Mr. Young was misinformed, on the very day before his death he shot two or three brace of snipes in the morning, and danced at the Lincoln ball at night. Willis did not reach his hundredth year, as Dr. Routh, of Magdalen College, Oxford, did. Just before the death of the latter Lord Campbell visited and had a long conversation with him. At parting the centenarian calmly remarked, "I hope it will not be many years before we meet again." "Did he think," said Lord Campbell, afterward, "that he and I were going to live forever?"

Monarchs, who have to submit to many tyrannies by which monarchs alone can suffer, must have an especial dread of levees and presentations. The monotony must be killing; at the very best, irritating. George IV. had the stately dreariness very much relieved. On one occasion, when a nervous gentleman was bowing and passing before him, a lord in waiting kindly whispered to him, "Kiss hands!" The nervous

gentleman accordingly moved on to the door, turned round, and there kissed his hands airily to the king by way of kindly farewell. George IV. laughed almost as heartily as his brother, King William, did at an unlucky alderman who was at court on the only day Mr. Julian Young ever felt himself constrained to go into the royal presence. The alderman's dress sword got between his legs as he was backing from that presence, whereby he was tripped up and fell backward on the floor. King William cared not a fig for dignity. He remarked with great glee to those who stood near, "By Jove! the fellow has cut a crab!" and the kingly laughter was, as it were, poured point-blank into the floundering alderman. This was not encouraging to Mr. Young, who had to follow. As newly appointed royal chaplain in Hampton Court Palace Chapel, King William had expressed a wish to see him at a levee, and obedience was a duty. The chaplain had been told by Sir Horace Seymour that he had nothing to do but follow the example of the gentleman who might happen to be before him. The principal directions to the neophyte were, "Bow very low, and do not turn your back on the king." The instant the chaplain had kissed the king's hand, however, he turned his back upon his sovereign, and hurried off. Sir Horace Seymour afterward consoled him for this breach of etiquette by stating that a Surrey baronet who had followed him made a wider breach in court observance. The unlucky baronet, seeing the royal hand outstretched, instead of reverently putting his lips to it, caught hold of it and wrung it heartily. The king, who loved a joke, probably enjoyed levees, the usual monotony of which was relieved by such screaming-farce incidents as these.

Those royal brothers, sons of George III., were remarkably outspoken. They were not witty themselves, but they were now and then the cause of wit in others. It must have been the Duke of Cumberland who (on listening to Mr. Nightingale's story of having been run away with when driving, and that at a critical moment he jumped out of the carriage) blandly exclaimed, "Fool! fool!" "Now," said Nightingale, on telling the incident to Horace Smith, "it's all very well for him to call me a fool; but I can't conceive why he should. Can you?" "No!" rejoined Horace, "I can't, because he could not suppose you ignorant of the fact!"

Among the most unhappy lords of themselves who lived in a past generation, there was not one who might have been so happy, had he pleased, as the author of "Vathek." It is very well said of Beckford that there has seldom existed a man who, inheriting so much, did so little for his fellow-creatures. There was a grim humor in some of his actions. In illustration of this we may state that when Beckford was living in gorgeous seclusion at Fonthill, two gentlemen, who were the more curious to spy into the glories of the place because strangers were forbidden, climbed the park walls at dusk, and on alighting within the prohibited inclosure found themselves in presence of the lord of the place. Beckford awed them by his proud condescension. He politely dragged them through all the splendors of his palace, and then, with cruel courtesy, made them dine with him. When the night was advanced he took his involuntary guests into the park, bidding them adieu with the remark that, as they found their way in, they might find their way out. It was as bad as bandaging a man's eyes on Salisbury Plain, and bidding him find his way to Bath. At sunrise the weary guests, who had pursued a fruitless voyage of discovery all night, were guided to a point of egress, and they never thought of calling on their host again.

Ready wit in women (now passed away), wit, too, combined with courage, is by no means rare. During the ruro-diabolical reign of "Swing," that incarnation of ruffianism, in the person of the most hideous blackguard in the district, with a mob of thieves and murderers at his back, attacked Fifield, the old family residence of two elderly maiden ladies named Penruddock. When the mob were on the point of resorting to extreme violence, Miss Betty Penruddock expressed her astonishment to the ugly leader of the band that "such a good-looking man as he should be captain of such an ill-favored band of robbers. Never again will I trust to good looks!" cried the old lady, whose flattery so touched the vanity of "Swing" that he prevailed on his followers to desist. "Only give us some beer," he said, "and we won't touch a hair of your head!" "You can't," retorted the plucky old lady, "for I wear a wig!" On the other hand, the vanity of young ladies was once effectually checked at Hampton Court Chapel. A youthful beauty once fainted, and the handsome Sir Horace Seymour carried her out. On successive Sundays successive youthful beauties fainted, and the handsome Sir Horace carried them successively out, till he grew tired of bearing such sweet burdens. A report that in future all swooning nymphs would be carried out of the chapel by *the dustman* cured the epidemic.

Much has been said of the ladies of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. We question if in all that has been written of those pseudo-recluses they have been half so well hit off as by Mrs. Morris, a lodging-house keeper in the neighborhood. "I must say, Sir, after all," observed Mrs. Morris, "that they were very charitable and cantankerous. They did a deal of good, and never forgave an injury!" There is something of the ring of Mrs. Poyser in this pithily rendered judgment. Quite as sharp a passage turns up in the person of an eccentric toll-keeper, Old Jeffreys, who was nearly destitute of mental training, and whom Mr. Julian Young was anxious to draw to church service. The old man was ready for him. "Yes, Sir, it be a pity, hain't it? We pike-keepers, and shepherds, and carters, and monthly nusses has got souls as well as them that goes to church and chapel. But what can us do? 'Why,' I says, says I, to the last parson as preached to me, 'don't catechism say summat or other about doing our duty in that state of life in which we be?' So, after all, when I be taking toll o' Sundays, I'm not far wrong, am I?" The rector proposed to find a paid substitute for him while he attended church. Jeffreys was ready with his reply. "That 'ud never do, Sir," he said. "What! leave my post to a stranger? What would master say to me if he heard on't?" Mr. Julian Young, pointing with pleasure to a Bible on old Jeffreys's shelf, expressed a hope that he often read it. "Can't say as how I do, Sir," was the candid rejoinder, "I allus gets so poorus over it!" When the rector alluded to a certain wench as "disreputable," Jeffreys protested in the very spirit of chivalry. "Don't do that! Do as I do! I allus praises her. Charity hides a deal o' sin, master! ain't that Scripture? If it are, am I to be lectured at for sticking up and saying a good word for she?" When it was urged that this light-o'-love queen ought to be married, Samaritan Jeffreys stepped in with his sympathetic balsam. "Poor thing!" he exclaimed, "*she ain't no turn to it!*" The apology was worthy of my Uncle Toby!

POLAR BEAR CATCHING A SEAL.

The illustration on page 613, from the graphic pencil of Ludwig Beckmann, shows how the great white polar bear often contrives to provide for himself a hearty meal. He is a very patient hunter, and will remain for hours in one position on the ice near open water, watching for prey. As soon as he sees or scents a seal he cautiously lowers himself backward into the water and swims toward his prey, allowing only the tip of his nose to appear above the water. If he succeeds in coming upon the seal while that wary animal is taking a nap, he crushes in its skull with a single blow of his mighty paw. But the seal, which possesses a very delicate sense of hearing, often wakes just at the moment the bear rises from the water, and plunging from the ice, disappears in its own element. The bear at once acknowledges his discomfiture, and disconsolately swims back to his lurking-place, sometimes followed by a troop of seals, that take good care to keep just out of his reach.

VITAL GERMS.

One of the most curious facts in connection with chemical research is the remarkable vitality of the lower organisms in nature. In vegetable subjects, for instance, vitality may lie dormant for a period which is almost inconceivable. Stramonium seeds, according to Duhamel, can develop after remaining twenty-five years underground. Friewald observed the generation of melon seeds after they had been kept more than forty years. Pliny goes so far as to say that corn grew after it had been kept a hundred years, and there seems no reason to doubt the fact; for Desmoulins obtained plants from seeds found in a Roman tomb of the third or fourth century. Moreover, it is well known that corn found in some of the tombs of ancient Egypt has germinated and grown to perfection; and the result of the experiment of sowing some of this mummied corn in England has been the production of new ears, larger and far more prolific than those of our modern wheat. A squill bulb, too, found in the hands of a mummy, has, when planted at the present day, grown and blossomed as readily as the last year's hyacinth bulb from Holland, which flowers in our windows every spring. The only solution of the mystery of this extraordinary vitality is that the germs of life have slumbered for all these long ages.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

Mr. Rolfe surveyed the two women with a mild, inoffensive, ox-like gaze, and invited them to be seated with homely civility.

He sat down at his desk, and turning to Lady Bassett, said, rather dreamily, "One moment, please: let me look at the case and my notes."

First his homely appearance, and now a certain languor about his manner, discouraged Lady Bassett more than it need; for all artists must pay for their excitements with occasional languor. Her hands trembled, and she began to gulp and try not to cry.

Mr. Rolfe observed directly, and said, rather kindly, "You are agitated; and no wonder."

He then opened a sort of china-closet, poured a few drops of a colorless liquid from a tiny bottle into a wine-glass, and filled the glass with water from a filter. "Drink that, if you please."

She looked at him with her eyes brimming. "*Must* I?"

"Yes; it will do you good for once in a way. It is only Ignatia."

She drank it by degrees, and a tear along with it that fell into the glass.

Meantime Mr. Rolfe had returned to his notes and examined them. He then addressed her, half stiffly, half kindly:

"Lady Bassett, whatever may be your husband's condition—whether his illness is mental or bodily, or a mixture of the two—his clandestine examination by bought physicians, and his violent capture, the natural effect of which must have been to excite him and retard his cure, were wicked and barbarous acts, contrary to God's law and the common law of England, and, indeed, to all human law except our shallow, incautious Statutes de Lunatico: they were an insult to yourself, who ought at least to have been consulted, for your rights are higher and purer than Richard Bassett's; therefore, as a wife bereaved of your husband by fraud and violence and the bare letter of a paltry statute whose spirit has been violated, you are quite justified in coming to me or to any public man you think can help your husband and you." Then, with a certain *bonhomie*, "So lay aside your nervousness; let us go into this matter sensibly, like a big man and a little man, or like an old woman and a young woman, whichever you prefer."

Lady Bassett looked at him and smiled assent. She felt a great deal more at her ease after this opening.

"I dare not advise you yet. I must know more than Mr. Angelo has told me. Will you answer my questions frankly?"

"I will try, Sir."

"Whose idea was it confining Sir Charles Bassett to the house so much?"

"His own. He felt himself unfit for society."

"Did he describe his ailment to you then?"

"Yes."

"All the better: what did he say?"

"He said that, at times, a cloud seemed to come into his head, and then he lost all power of mind; and he could not bear to be seen in that condition."

"This was after the epileptic seizure?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Humph! Now will you tell me how Mr. Bassett, by mere words, could so enrage Sir Charles as to give him a fit?"

Lady Bassett hesitated.

"What did he say to Sir Charles?"

"He did not speak to him. His child and nurse were there, and he called out loud, for Sir Charles to hear, and told the nurse to hold up his child to look at his inheritance."

"Malicious fool! But did this enrage Sir Charles so much as to give him a fit?"

"Yes."

"He must be very sensitive."

"On that subject."

Mr. Rolfe was silent; and now, for the first time, appeared to think intently.

His study bore fruit, apparently; for he turned to Lady Bassett and said, suddenly, "What is the strangest thing Sir Charles has said of late—the very strangest?"

Lady Bassett turned red, and then pale, and made no reply.

Mr. Rolfe rose and walked up to Mary Wells.

"What is the maddest thing your master has ever said?"

Mary Wells, instead of replying, looked at her mistress.

The writer instantly put his great body between them. "Come, none of that," said he. "I don't want a falsehood—I want the truth."

"La, Sir, I don't know. My master he is not mad, I'm sure. The queerest thing he ever said was—he did say at one time 'twas writ on his face as he had no children."

"Ah! And that is why he would not go abroad, perhaps."

"That was one reason, Sir, I do suppose."

Mr. Rolfe put his hands behind his back, and walked thoughtfully and rather disconsolately back to his seat.

"Humph!" said he. Then, after a pause, "Well, well; I know the worst now; that is one comfort. Lady Bassett, you really must be candid with me. Consider: good advice is like a tight glove; it fits the circumstances, and it does not fit other circumstances. No man advises so badly on a false and partial statement as I do, for the very reason that my advice is a close fit. Even now I can't understand Sir Charles's despair of having children of his own."

The writer then turned his looks on the two women, with an entire absence of expression: the sense of his eyes was turned inward, though the orbs were directed toward his visitors.

With this lack-lustre gaze, and in the tone of thoughtful soliloquy, he said, "Has Sir Charles Bassett no eyes? and are there women so furtive, so secret, or so bashful, they do not tell their husbands?"

Lady Bassett turned with a scared look to Mary Wells, and that young woman showed her usual readiness. She actually came to Mr. Rolfe and half whispered to him, "If you please, Sir, gentlemen *are* blind, and my lady she is very bashful; but Sir Charles knows it now; he have known it a good while; and it was a great comfort to him: he was getting better, Sir, when the villains took him—ever so much better."

This solution silenced Mr. Rolfe, though it did not quite satisfy him. He fastened on Mary Wells's last statement. "Now tell me: between the day when those two doctors got into his apartment and the day of his capture, how long?"

"About a fortnight."

"And in that particular fortnight was there a marked improvement?"

"La, yes, Sir; was there not, my lady?"

"Indeed there was, Sir. He was beginning to take walks with me in the garden, and rides in an open carriage. He was getting better every day; and oh! Sir, that is what breaks my heart: I was curing my darling so fast, and now they will do all they can to destroy him. Their not letting his wife see him terrifies me."

"I think I can explain that. Now tell me—what time do you expect—a certain event?"

Lady Bassett blushed, and cast a hasty glance at the speaker; but he had a piece of paper before him, and was preparing to take down her reply, with the innocent face of a man who had asked a simple and necessary question in the way of business.

Then Lady Bassett looked at Mary Wells, and this look Mr. Rolfe surprised, because he himself looked up to see why the lady hesitated.

After an expressive glance between the mistress and maid, the lady said, almost inaudibly, "More than three months;" and then she blushed all over.

Mr. Rolfe looked at the two women a moment, and seemed a little puzzled at their telegraphing each other on such a subject; but he coolly noted down Lady Bassett's reply on a card about the size of a foolscap sheet, and then set himself to write on the same card the other facts he had elicited.

While he was doing this very slowly, with great care and pains, the lady was eying him like a zoologist studying some new animal. The simplicity and straightforwardness of his last question won by degrees upon her judgment, and reconciled her to her Inquisitor, the more so as he was quiet but intense, and his whole soul in her case. She began to respect his simple straightforwardness, his civility without a grain of gallantry, and his caution in eliciting all the facts before he would advise.

After he had written down his synopsis, looking all the time as if his life depended on its correctness, he leaned back, and his ordinary but mobile countenance was transfigured into geniality.

"Come," said he, "grandmamma has pestered you with questions enough; now you retort—ask me any thing—speak your mind: these things should be attacked in every form, and sifted with every sieve."

Lady Bassett hesitated a moment, but at last responded to this invitation. "Sir, one thing that discourages me cruelly—my solicitor seems so inferior to Mr. Bassett's. He can think of nothing but objections; and so he does nothing, and lets us be trampled on: it is his being unable to cope with Mr. Bassett's solicitor, Mr. Wheeler, that has led me in my deep distress to trouble you, whom I had not the honor of knowing."

"I understand your ladyship perfectly. Mr. Oldfield is a respectable solicitor, and Wheeler is a sharp country practitioner; and—to use my favorite Americanism—you feel like fighting with a blunt knife against a sharp one."

"That is my feeling, Sir, and it drives me almost wild sometimes."

"For your comfort, then, in my earlier litigations—I have had sixteen lawsuits for myself and other oppressed people—I had often that very impression; but the result always corrected it. Legal battles are like other battles: first you have a skirmish or two, and then a great battle in court. Now sharp attorneys are very apt to win the skirmish and lose the battle. I see a gentleman of this stamp in Mr. Wheeler, and you need not fear him much. Of course an antagonist is never to be despised; but I would rather have Wheeler against you than Oldfield. An honest man like Oldfield blunders into wisdom, the Lord knows how. Your Wheelers seldom get beyond cunning; and cunning does not see far enough to cope with men of real sagacity and forethought in matters so complicated as this. Oldfield, acting for Bassett, would have pushed rapidly on to an examination by the court. You would have evaded it, and put yourself in the wrong; and the inquiry, well urged, might have been adverse to Sir Charles. Wheeler has taken a more cunning and violent course—it strikes more terror, does more immediate harm; but what does it lead to? Very little; and it disarms them of their sharpest weapon, the immediate inquiry; for we could now delay and greatly prejudice an inquiry on the very ground of the outrage and unnecessary violence; and could demand time to get the patient as well as he was before the outrage. And, indeed, the court is very jealous of those who begin by going to a judge, and then alter their minds, and try to dispose of the case themselves. And to make matters worse, here they do it by straining an Act of Parliament opposed to equity."

"I wish it may prove so, Sir; but, meantime, Mr. Wheeler is active, Mr. Oldfield is passive. He has not an idea. He is a mere negative."

"Ah, that is because he is out of his groove. A smattering of law is not enough here. It wants a smattering of human nature too."

"Then, Sir, would you advise me to part with Mr. Oldfield?"

"No. Why make an enemy? Besides, he is the vehicle of communication with the other side. You must simply ignore him for a time."

"But is there nothing I can *do*, Sir? for it is this cruel inactivity that kills me. Pray advise me—you know all now."

Mr. Rolfe, thus challenged, begged for a moment's delay.

"Let us be silent a minute," said he, "and think hard."

And, to judge by his face, he did think with great intensity.

"Lady Bassett," said he, very gravely, "I assume that every fact you and Mr. Angelo have laid before me is true, and no vital part is kept back. Well, then, your present course is—Delay. Not the weak delay of those who procrastinate what can not be avoided; but the wise delay of a general who can bring up overpowering forces, only give him time. Understand me, there is more than one game on the cards; but I prefer the surest. We could begin fighting openly tomorrow; but that would be risking too much for too little. The law's delay, the insolence of office, the up-hill and thorny way, would hurt Sir Charles's mind at present. The apathy, the cruelty, the trickery, the routine, the hot and cold fits of hope and fear, would poison your blood, and perhaps lose Sir Charles the heir he pines for. Besides, if we give battle to-day we fight the heir at law; but in three or four months we may have him on our side, and trustees appointed by you. By that time, too, Sir Charles will have got over that abominable capture, and be better than he was a week ago, constantly soothed and consoled—as he will be—by the hope